





H

Pr

Henry Sheafferd
OVID'S
Heroical Epistles.

Englished by W. S.

*Veniam pro laude peto
—nunc mitibus
Mutare Quæro Tristia.*

This may be Reprinted,
R. L. S.

L O N D O N,

Printed for William Whitwood, next door to the
Crown-Tavern in Duck-Lane, near West-
Smith-Field, 1686.

Bk from Burner Lowe

2 Q V O

Scientific Equipment

2 May 1959



2 May 1959

R.F.

London

Printed for H.M. Stationery Office by
Crown Agents for Overseas Trade Board

2 May 1959 1959

To the Virtuous
LADIES
AND
GENTLEWOMEN
OF
ENGLAND.

YOur beauties (*Ladies and Gentle-women*) are but types and shadows of the beauty of your vertuous minds, which is discerned by Noble and Courteous actions. I may therefore presume that Ovid's Heroical Epistles, chiefly translated for your sakes, shall find a gentle acceptance, suitable to your Heroical dispositions : for Courtesie and Ingenuity are the companions of Gentility. But those who claim this Title, and are

The Epistle,

graded of it by their own vicious qualities,
Ovid disclaims them. Virtue is an invisible
gift, which is not discerned by the out-
ward habit, but by speech and action, and a
certain delectation in virtue, as Modesty,
Temperance, and especially courtesie; to
which Ovid doth appeal. For when Rome
knew him famous, he was esteemed of Love
and Ladies, so that he was fain to shadow
the ambitious love of the Emperors daugh-
ter towards him under the veil of Coryn-
na, but the Emperor saw through it, and
banished him. Besides, these Epistles, in
regard of their subject, have just relation to
you, Ladies and Gentlewomen, being the
complaints of Ladies and Gentlewomen for
the absence of their Lovers; And that their
sorrow may be more sensible, there is a Table
prefixed, and adjoyning to the Book, pre-
senting

The Epistle. T

senting the several Pictures of the Arguments of the Epistles. So much concerning the work, and the Author, Ovid. Now you expect a complement for the Dedication.

TO

Ladies and Gentlewomen, since this Book of *Ovid's* which most Gentlemen could read before in Latine, is for your sakes come forth in English, it doth at first address it self a Suitor, to woole your acceptance, that it may kiss your hands, and afterward have the lines thereof in reading sweetned by the odour of your breath, while the dead Letters form'd into words by your divided Lips, may receive new life by your passionate expression, and the words married in that Ruby coloured Temple, may thus happily united, multiply your contentment. And in a word let this be

A Servant with you to *Lady Virtue*,
Wye Saltonstall.

To

To the Vertuous
LADIES,
AND
GENTLEWOMEN
OF
Great Britain.

Of all the Poets, that in Verse did raign
As Monarchs, none could equal Ovid's
Especially in the affairs of Love, (strain,
Ovid the Master of that Art did prove:
His fancies were so pleasing and so sweet,
That Love did wish no other winding sheet,
If he had mortal been, for he would die
To live again in his sweet Poesie.
When he intended to enflame the mind,
Or shew how Lovers proved too unkind,
As in these Epistles, where Ladies bemoan
Themselves, when their unkind lovers were gone,
He doth so mournfully express their passion,
In such a loving, and a lively fashion,

That

The Epistle.

That reading them grief will not let you speak,
Until imprison'd tears from your eyes break ;
Such passions in his Letters do appear,
That every word will make you drop a tear.
But you fair Gentlewomen of this Isle,
He would have you to glance one gentle smile
On his Epistle stil'd Heroical,
Because by Lords and Ladies written all.
You know that Love is the hearts pleasant tamer,
Whose Motto is this, Omnia vincit Amor ;
For he can with his lighted Torch inflame
As soon the Lord and Lady, as the Swain.
If then you hope to be happy in Love,
If others sorrows may your pity move,
If you the complaints of fair Ladies tender,
Which English doth for your contentment render
Unto your view, let these Epistles here,
Enjoy your beauteous favour, shining clear
On Ovid, belov'd by th' Emperors daughter,
For which by Cæsar he was banisht after ;
Yet this his comfort was in Banishment,
His Love, and Lines, did yield your sex content.
Let English Gentlewomen as kind appear
To Ovid, as the Roman Ladies were.

So wisheth, W^e Saltonstall.

THE INDEX.

A

A Bydos a City in Asia, Ep. 17
Achelous a River of Etolia, 9
Achilles son of Peleus & Thetis,
Ep. 3.

Acontius signifies an Arrow,
Ep. 19, 20

Aeson beheld Diana bathing
her self, and was transform-
ed into a Stag, Ep. 20

Etna a burning Mountain,
Ep. 21

Adonis the son of Cinyras, Ep. 4

Aegyptus brother to Belus, E. 14

Aeneas son to Anchises and Ve-
nus, Ep. 7

Aeolus King of the winds, Ep. 10

Aethra, Ep. 16

Agamemnon Prince of the Gre-
cians, Ep. 3

Ajax, Ep. 3

Alcyons, Sea-birds, Ep. 17

Alecto, one of the Furies, Ep. 2

Androgeus, Minos son, Ep. 10

Andromache, Hectors wife, Ep. 5

Antilochus, Ep. 1
Apollo God of Poetry, Physic
and Musick, Ep. 5, 6
Ariadne, Ep. 10
Ariadne's Crown, a Constella-
tion, Ep. 17
Ascanius son to Aeneas, Ep. 7
Athens a famous University, E.
Atlas a Mountain, Ep. 10
Atreus son to Pelops, Ep. 10
Aurora, or the morning, Ep.

B

Biseis a captive Virgin ta-
ken by Achilles, Ep. 3

C

Calus a Gyant, Ep. 9
Canace Sister to Micareus
Ep. 11
Carthage a City of Libya, Ep. 9
Cassandra a Prophetess who
foretold the destruction of
Troy,

The Index.

Troy, Ep. 15
Balus, signifies the head, Ep. 4
berus, Porter of Hell, Ep. 9, 10
er, Goddess of Corn and
Plenty, Ep. 2
ybas, a rocky Gulf, Ep. 12
ebos, where the Golden
Fleece was kept, Ep. 6
ynth, a City, Ep. 12
mene, waiting maid to He-
lena, Ep. 15
ete, an Island, Ep. 15
nthia, or the Moon, Ep. 17

D

Edalus, who made him-
self and his son Icarus
wings to fly withal, Ep. 17
Daphne turned into a Laurel-
tree, Ep. 21
Dejanira, Daughter to Oeneus
King of Caledon, Ep. 9
Deiphobus, or fearing the Gods,
Ep. 5
Delos an Island, it signifies man-
ifest or clear, from δῆλος
or δῆλων
Leucalion, who with his wife
Pyrrha survived after the
general Deluge, Ep. 2
Demophoon signifies a light to
the people by his exempla-
ry Vertues, Ep. 2

Diana, called Lucina, Ep. 19

Dido signifies to fear, Ep. 7

Dolon, Ep. 1.

E

Lisa, or Dido, Ep. 7
Elysian, Elysium was a feign'd
place of joy for the dead, E. 3
Endymion was belov'd of the
Moon, Ep. 17
Eryskeus King of the Mycen-
ians, Ep. 9
Erynnis, a Fury.
Europa, signifies fair faced, from
whom the chiefest part of
the world is called Europa,
Ep. 4

H

Emeos, a Mountain of Thrace
Ep. 12
Hector, the valiantest of all the
Trojans, Ep. 1
Helena, wife to Menelaus, Ep. 5
Hellebont, or the Sea wherin
Helle was drowned, Ep. 7, 8
Hercules begot by Jupiter in
three nights on Alcmena in
the shape of Amphytrit, Ep. 9
Hermione, Ep. 8
Hydra, a Monster whose fruit-
ful heads would grow as they
were lopped off, Ep. 9
Hero,

The Index.

Hro, or a Noble Heroical Lady, Ep. 17

Hymen, the God of Marriage, Ep. 2

Hypermnestra, Wife to *Linus*. Ep. 14

Hippolitus was torn in pieces by his horses, Ep. 7

Hypsiphile Queen of Lemnos, Ep. 6

I

*J*ason son to *Aeson*, Ep. 6

Icarius Penelype's Father,
Icarus, 17

Idean, or *Trojan*, Ep. 9

Iole Hercules's Mistress, Ep. 9

Isthmus, a neck of Land joyning two Continents together having the Sea beating on both sides, Ep. 4

Juno, *Jupiter's Queen*, Ep. 5

L

*L*acedæmon, a City in Greece, Ep. 15

Laertes, Ep. 1

Laodamia, Ep. 13

Leander signifies a Lion-hearted man, Ep. 17

Linus, husband to *Hypermnestra*, Ep. 14

Lucina, the Goddess of Child-birth, Ep. 5

MAcareus brother to *Dnace*, Ep. 11

Meander, a crooked wind River, Ep. 7

Medea, a Sorceress beloved *Jason*, Ep. 12

Menelaus signifies the envy scorn of the people, he was *Helena's* husband, Ep. 5

Minotaur, a Monster which *Dædalus* Art *Pasipha* had

a Bull, while *Minos* was the Athenian Wars, hence it was called a *Minotaur*, Ep. 10

Nectar, the drink of the Gods, Ep. 15

Neptune, the God of the Sea, Ep. 1

Nereides, Sea Nymphs, Ep. 1

Nestor lived three ages, Ep. 1

Nilus, a River of Egypt, Ep. 1

Oechalia, a City, Ep. 9

Oenone, a Nymph, Ep. 5

Oreste son to *Agamemnon*, and *Clytemnestra*, Ep. 8

Orythia, beloved of *Boreas*, Ep. 17

Palla

The Index.

P

to **D**allas, the Goddess of Wisdom, Ep. 4.

wind **A**ris, son to *Priam*, and *Hecuba*, Ep. 5. 19

oved **A**rナassus, the Muses Mountain, Ep. 19

envy **A**siphae, a lustful wanton woman, Ep. 4.

sp. 5 **A**troclus, signifies the honour which of his Father, he was son to had **M**enaeius, and having put on was **A**chilles Armour, was slain in fight by **H**ector, Ep. 3

Enelope, *Ulysses* wife, Ep. 1

Pirithous, a faithful friend to **T**hesseus, Ep. 4

Phadra, sister to *Ariadne*, daughter to *Minos*, Ep. 4.

Phyllis, from φύλλα leaves, or from *Phylla*, signifying in Greek an Almond-tree, Ep. 2

P. 1 **P**haon a fair young man, Ep. 21

P. 1 **P**yrrha Deucalion's wife, Ep. 21

Polyphemus, Ep. 1. *Sab. Gyant.*

Pygmalion brother to *Dido*, Ep. 7

Protesilaus, signifies the chief among the people; he landing first on the Trojans ground, was slain by **H**ector, Ep. 10

Ep. Pylos, a City in *Messenia* where *Nelios Nestors Father* reign'd,

Ep. 1

Pyrrhus, the son of *Achilles*, Ep. 3, 8

R

R Hodope, a Mountain of Thrace, Ep. 2

S

Sappho, a wanton witty woman, Ep. 27

Scylia, a rocky gulf, Ep. 12

Seftos, a City in Europe, Ep. 1

Simois a Trojan River, Ep. 1

Sparta, a City of Greece, Ep. 1

Sycheus, *Hercules* Priest, and *Dido*'s husband, Ep. 7

T

Tantalus, who stood in Hell to the chin in water, yet could not drink, Ep. 15

Telemachus, *Ulysses* son, Ep. 1

Thesseus son of *Ægeus*, Ep. 2

Theris, Queen of the Sea, Ep. 19

Tisiphone, one of the Furies, Ep. 2

Tlepolemus, Ep. 1

Tiberis, a River of Italy.

Tiresias, a Prophet, who told Juno that feminine pleasure exceeded masculine in acts of

The Index.

of *Venus*, Ep. i. Sab.

Z

U

Ulysses, a valiant Græcian,
Ep. 17.

Zone, or girdle, because
Brides girdle was
ed by the Bridegroom
her wedding night. E

Carmen instar mille

Blande laudantium.

In laudem Authoris carmen non desit Amici:

Hoc opus Authorem laudat, hic Author

This Author needs not any friend

For Verses in his praise:

The Author doth his work commend,

And his work gives him Bays.

OVID

(i)

VID'S EPISTLES.

L I B . I .



The Argument of the first Epistle.

When the Grecians went with a great Army to Troy, to revenge the rape of Helena, Ulysses the Son of Laertes and Anticlea, took such delight in his young wife Penelope, that he counterfeited himself mad, thereby to enjoy her, and absent himself from the War.

But

The Index.

of Venus, Ep. 1. Sabj

U. S. & C. A.

ULysse, a valiant Græcian,
Ep. 17.

Z

Zone, or girdle, because
Brides girdle was
ed by the Bridegroom
her wedding night. E.

*Carmen instar mille
Blande laudantium.*

In laudem Authoris carmen non desit Amici:

Hoc opus Authorem laudat, hic Author op-

This Author needs not any friend

For Verses in his praise :

The Author doth his work commend,

And his work gives him Bays.

OVID

(i)
VID'S EPISTLES.

LIB. I.



The Argument of the first Epistle.

WHEN the Grecians went with a great Army to Troy, to revenge the rape of Helena, Ulysses the Son of Laertes and Anticlea, took such delight in his young wife Penelope, that he counterfeited himself mad, thereby to enjoy her, and absent himself from the War.

But

But Palamedes discovering his purpose, he was compelled to go
the rest in the Trojan voyage. Where he fought many brave combats
and after the destruction of Troy, which had been ten years before
intending to return to his own Country, he took ship with other
Asian Princes, but through Minerva's displeasure, they were scattered
and divided by such a violent tempest, that Ulysses wandered ten
more before he returned. So that his wife Penelope, having
chastly in his absence, and not knowing what hindered his coming home,
writes this Epistle unto him, wherein she persuades him by many
sons to return to his own Country.

PENELOPE to ULYSSES.

MY dear *Ulysses*, thy Penelope
Dost send this Letter to complain of thee,
Who dost so long from me unkindly stay :
Write nothing back, but come thy self away.
For *Troy* now level with the ground is laid,
Which was envy'd by every Grecian Maid.
Yet neither *Troy*, nor *Priam's* wealth could be
Worth half so much as thy good company.
O ! I could wish that *Paris* had been drown'd,
When his ship was to *Lacedemon* bound,
Then had not I lain cold in bed alone,
Nor yet complain'd that time runs slowly on :
Nor yet to pass away the winter's Night
Had I sat spinning then by candle light,
Fore casting in what dangers thou might'st be,
And such as were now like to trouble thee,
Thinking on perils more than ever were,
For love is always full of careful fear.
The *Trojans* now, thought I, do thee assail ;
At *Hector's* name my cheeks with fear grew pale :
And when I heard *Antilochus* was slain
By *Hector*, then my fears renew'd again.

And hearing how that *Patroclus* being clad
In *Achilles* armour, such ill fortune had,
That *Hector* slew him in that false disguise,
The sad report drew tears out of mine eyes.
Or when I of *Tlepolemus* did hear,
Who with his Blood bedew'd *Sarpedon's* spear,
Tlepolemus death doth then my cares renew,
And I began straightway to think of you.
And lastly, if I heard abroad by fame,
That any of the Grecian side were slain,
My heart for fear of thee was far more cold
Than any Iee, when such bad news was told.
But the just Gods to us more kind do prove,
And more indulgent to our chaster love.
For stately *Troy* is unto ashes burn'd;
But my *Ulysses* lives, though not return'd.
The Grecian Captains are come home again,
The Altars do with joyful incense flame;
And all the Barbarous spoils which they did take,
Unto our Country Gods they consecrate.
The love of wives is to their husbands shown
By gifts, which for their late returning home,
Unto the Gods with grateful minds they bring,
While their Husbands of *Troy's* destruction sing.
Old Men, and trembling Maids do both desire
To hear the tail of *Troy*, which they admire,
And Wives do harken with a kind of joy
To their Husbands talking of the siege of *Troy*,
And some now do upon their table draw,
The picture of those fierce wars which they saw,
And with a little wine before pour'd down
Can lively paint the model of *Troy town*.
Here's *Simois* flood, here's the *Sigean* land,
And here did *Priam's* lofty Palace stand.

Here did *Achilles* pitch his glittering Tents,
 And here *Ulysses* kept his Regiments.
 Here in this place did valiant *Hector* fall,
 Whose Body was drag'd round about the wall
 Of *Troy*, to shew the Enemies despite :
 Putting the foaming Horses in a fright.
 For whatsoever in those wars was done,
Old Nestor did relate unto thy Son,
 Whom I had sent forth to enquire of thee,
 And he did bring home all these news to me :
 Bringing me tydings how *Dolon* by name,
 And *Rhesus* by thy Sword at once were slain.
 While th' one of them in his dead sleep was kill'd,
 And th' others Blood by Treachery was spill'd.
 And thou amongst thy other bold attempts
 By night did set upon the *Thracian* Tents.
 Slaying so many Men : how couldst thou be
 So adventurous, if thou hadst remembered me ?
 And of thy other Victories I did hear,
 My heart did burn within my breast for fear.
 But what although thy Valour did confound
Troy ; and did raze the walls unto the ground ?
 Shall I, as if *Troy* were besieg'd, still be
 A widow wanting thy sweet company ?
 That *Troy* doth stand I only find alone,
 Others Rejoyce that it is overthrown.
 Whose fruitful Fields the conquering Grecians now,
 Do with the *Trojan* Oxen dayly Plough,
 For now ripe Corn doth grow where *Troy* once stood,
 And all the ground is fat with *Trojan* Blood.
 The crooked Plough doth graze as it goes by
 Upon mens bones, which there half buried lie ;
 So that they plough up bones as well as land,
 And Grass doth grow where houses once did stand.

Yet having wasted *Troy*, thou keep'st away,
Nordo I know what moveth thee to stay,
Nor can by any means learn in what part
Of all the world thou (most unkindest) art.
If any ship unto our shore doth come,
Then to enquire of thee I straight do run ;
And to the Ship-master a Letter give,
To deliver unto thee if thou dost live :
Charging if that it be his chance to see
Ulysses, he should give him to thee.
I sent to *Pylos*, where *Nestor* did reign,
But I from *Pylos* heard no news again :
I sent unto the *Spartans*, who could tell
No tidings of thee, or where thou didst dwell ;
O would that *Troy* were standing now again,
For whose destruction I did pray in vain !
If thou wert at the wars, I should know where
Thou wert, and of thy safety stand in fear.
And other women might with me complain,
Because their Husbands came not home again.
To grieved minds this may some comfort be,
To have companions in adversity.
I know not what to fear, yet all things fear ;
My cares and sorrows never greater were,
Thinking what dangers by Sea and Land may
Enforce thee 'gainst thy will from me to stay.
While thus my fond affection doth excuse thee ;
Perhaps thou in requital dost abuse me.
For I do fear thy fancy loves to grieve,
And that thou hast some Sweet-heart thou dost love
In Foreign Countries ; may, and it may be
That thou dost woore her by disrepecting me,
Telling her that thy Wife's a Country *Zone*
That knoweth only how to spin at home.

Ovid's Epistles.

But of my hard belief I do repent, & I before knew general is
 I hope thou art not willingly absent, & truly wouldest I ob to
 My Father *Icarus* would not have me stay, & vnd vnd to
 A widow still ; but chideth my delay : & dost hlow vnd ha
 But let him chide, *Penelope* will be vnd vnd vnd vnd
 A constant wife *Ulysses* unto thee, if I port to entreaty vnd
 But though, I do by fair entreaty still vnd vnd vnd vnd
 Prevail so much that I do change his will, vnd vnd vnd vnd
 Or alter it, so that he's not enclin'd vnd vnd vnd vnd
 To use a Fathers power to force my mind ; vnd vnd vnd vnd
 The *Dulichians*, and the *Samians* come to woe me, vnd vnd
 And the *Zacynthians* often come unto me, vnd vnd vnd vnd
 And of Foreign Suiters such a wanton crue
 Do haunt me, that I know not what to do, vnd vnd vnd vnd
 Who in thy Palace do most freely reign,
 Wasting those goods, which thou before didst gain, vnd vnd vnd
Pisandrus, *Polybus*, and *Medon* too, vnd vnd vnd vnd
Eurimachus and *Antinous* come to woe vnd vnd vnd vnd
 Me, and in thy absence do consume and eat vnd vnd vnd vnd
 That estate thou didst gain by Blood and Sweat, vnd vnd vnd
 Poor *Irus* and *Melanthis* that doth feed vnd vnd vnd vnd
 His sheep, are Suiters too, and hope to speed, vnd vnd vnd vnd
 And all thy household here doth but consist vnd vnd vnd vnd
 Of three, that are too weak for to resist, vnd vnd vnd vnd
 Namely *Laertes*, who is spent and done, vnd vnd vnd vnd
 Thy Wife, and young *Telemachus* thy Son, vnd vnd vnd vnd
 Whom I had almost lost, while that he went vnd vnd vnd vnd
 To the City *Pyles* without our consent, vnd vnd vnd vnd
 And when the fates our time of death assign, vnd vnd vnd vnd
 May his hand close up both thy eyes and mine ; vnd vnd vnd vnd
 Our Ox-herd, Swine-herd, and our old Nurse, are vnd vnd vnd vnd
 All of one mind, and do make the same prayer vnd vnd vnd vnd
 And how can old *Laertes* power restrain vnd vnd vnd vnd
 Those wanton Suiters which at home do reign ? vnd vnd vnd vnd

Telemachus

Telemachus in time will grow more strong,
His Father now shoulde keep him from all wrong.
I have no strength to drive these Suiters hence,
Then come thou home, and be thy own defence.
Think on thy Son to whom thou shouldest impart
Instruction, that may season his young heart.
Think on *Laertes*, come and close his eyes,
Who in his old age even bed-rid lyes.
And think on me, for when thou went'st from home,
Full young was I, but now an old wife grown.

B 3

The



The Argument of the second Epistle.

Demophoon, the son of Theseus and Phædra, returning home from the Trojan wars, was driven by a tempest into Trace, where Phyllis the Daughter of Lycurgus and Crustumena, being the Queen of Trace, gave him courteous entertainment, both at board and bed; but when he had staid a while with her, as soon as he heard that Mnestheus was dead, who had expulst his Father Theseus out of the City of Athens, and assumed the government to himself, he being desirous to regain his Kingdom, desir'd leave of Phyllis to go and settle his affairs, promising

romising her within one month to return again: and so having made ready his ships, he sails to Athens, and tarries there. Whereupon, after four months were past, Phyllis writes this Epistle, persuading him to be faithful unto her, and to remember her kindness and his own promise, which if he neglects to do, she threatens to kill her self, and so revenge the violation of her Maiden chastity.

PHYLlis to DEMOPHOON.

Phyllis that did so kindly entertain
 Thee, O Demophoon, must of thee complain;
 Before the Moons sharp horns were once grown round,
 To land thou promis'd on the Tracian ground;
 But now four Moons are chang'd, four Monthis are past,
 And yet thy Ship is not return'd at last:
 If thou dost count the time, which we that are
 In love do strictly reckon with great care;
 Thou having broke thy promise needs must say,
 That my complaint comes not before the day;
 My fears were slow, for we do slowly give
 Credence to those things we would not believe.
 Which made me for thy sake even falsely feign
 That the North wind drove back thy sails again.
 Sometimes I fear'd least that in *Hebrus* sound
 Thy Ship might in those shallow waves be drown'd.
 Oft I besought the Gods for thy return,
 And on their Altars did sweet incense burn.
 When the wind stood fair, I said to my self,
 Sure he will come now if he be in health.
 My faithful love was witty to invent
 Something that might still hinder thy intent.
 But yet thou stayest, nor can thy promise move
 Thee to return, nor yet our former love.
 But I perceive, Demophoon, by thy stay,
 One wind did drive Ship and Faith away:

Thy Ship returns not, which makes me complain,
 That all thy faithful promises were vain.
 What have I done? Alas I rashly lov'd thee!
 And yet this fault to pity might have mov'd thee.
 I entertain'd thee, this was all my fault,
 Yet this offence might have been kindness thought.
 Where's thy faith, thy hand which thou didst give me,
 And Oaths thou sworest to make me believe thee?
 Swearing by *Hymen* that thou wouldest not tarry,
 But come again and thy Poor *Phyllis* marry,
 And by the rugged Sea hast often swore,
 Which thou both hast and wilt sail often o're?
 And by *Neptune* thy great Uncle, who with ease
 Can calm the raging of the angry Seas:
 By *Juno* who in marriages delights,
 And by torch-bearing *Ceres* mystick-rites,
 Should all these Gods revenge thy perjuries,
 Which are high treasons to their Majesties;
 And should all punish thee with one consent,
 Thou couldst not sure endure their punishment,
 To rig and mend thy Ships I care did take,
 And in requital thou didst me forsake.
 I gave thee opportunity to run
 Away, 'tis I that have my self undone.
 I did believe thy fair and gentle words,
 Of which the falsest heart most store affords,
 And because thou didst come of a good descent,
 I did believe thou hadst a good intent.
 I did believe thy tears: and hast thou taught
 Thy tears to be as false as was thy thought?
 O yes, thy tears would flow with cunning Art,
 When thou didst bid them to disguise thy heart.
 Thy vows and promises I did believe,
 And any of those shows might me deceive.

Nor am I griev'd because I entertain'd thee,
 Such kindness shew'd to thee could not have sham'd me.
 But I repent, because to add more height
 Unto thy entertainment, I one night
 Did suffer thee to come into my Bed,
 Where thou didst roⁿ me of my Maiden-head.
 Would I had dy'd before that fatal night,
 Wherein I yielded thee so much delight.
 For if I had not thus my self betray'd,
 Then *Phyllis* might have liv'd and dy'd a Maid.
 But I did hope that thou more constant wert,
 "That hope is just which springeth from desert.
 For I did know I had deserv'd thy love,
 Which made me hope that thou wouldest faithful prove.
 It is no glory to deceive a Maid,
 Since she deserveth pity that's betray'd
 By her kind heart, and hath too soon believ'd,
 For thus poor *Phyllis* was by thee deceiv'd.
 And 'stead of other praises may they say,
 That this was he that did a Maid betray ;
 When thy statue shall be in the City plac'd
 With thy Father's, which is with high titles grac'd,
 When they shall read how valiant *Theseus* slew
 Those cruel thieves, and also did subdue
 The *Minotaur*, and did the *Thebans* tame,
 And Centaures that by him were also slain :
 And lastly, when th' Inscription shall relate
 How he went to Hell and knockt at *Pluto*'s gate ;
 This title shall be on thy statue read,
 "This man deceiv'd his love and from her fled.
 In this thy Father thou dost imitate,
 That he fair *Ariadne* did forsake ;
 What he alone excused as a sin,
 That act thou only do'st admire in him ;

Shewing

Shewing thy self in this to be his Son,
 That thou like him, hast a young maid undone,
 But she is happily to Bacchus married,
 And in his Chariot, drawn with Tigers, carried:
 The Thracians do my marriage bed contemn,
 Because I lov'd a stranger more than them :
 And some perhaps will say in my disgrace,
 Let her go to Athens, that most learned place;
 Since she so kind hath to a stranger been,
 The warlike Thracians will have a new Queen,
 The end doth prove the Action, but yet may
 He want success, that thinketh so, I say :
 That measures Actions not from the intent,
 But counts them good, that have a good event,
 For if Demophoon would again return,
 Then they would honor me whom now they scorn.
 "Unfortunate Actions do our credit stain,
 I am faulty, because thou do'st not come again.
 Methinks I see, how when thou left'st our Court,
 Thy ship being ready to forsake our Port,
 Thy loving arms about my neck were spread,
 Making my lips with tedious kisses red.
 I wept, and when thou saw'st those tears of mine,
 Thou also wept'st and mingled'st them with thine.
 And then thou seemed'st, with a treacherous mind
 Sorry, because thou hadst so fair a wind.
 And at the last, when thou must needs depart,
 Then said'st, farewell fair Phyllis my Sweet-heart.
 For when one month is come unto an end,
 Look for Demophoon thy faithful friend.
 Why should I look for thy return in vain,
 Who hadst no purpose to return again?
 Yet I'll look for thy coming back however ;
 For it is better to come late, than never.

But I do fear thou hast a new Sweet-heart,
One that doth alienate from me thy heart,
That thou forgotten *Phyllis* dost not know;
Wo's me, if *Phyllis* be forgotten so,
Who did *Demophoon* kindly entertain,
When forc't by storms he to our Harbour came,
Whose necessities with treasure I supply'd,
And gave him many Royal gifts beside,
My Kingdom unto unto thee I did submit,
Thinking a woman could not govern it:
Even all these goodly lands I offered thee
Twixt *Hemus* and the shady *Rhodope*.
Besides, thou didst my Virgin Zone untye;
And Violate my chaste Virginity.
And at our marriage the fatal Owl
Did sing, while mad *Tisiphone* did howl:
Alezzo with her snaky hair was there;
The Candles did like Funeral lights appear.
Oft sadly to some Rock I go, whose heighth
May make me to see far at Sea out-right,
If it be day, or if the Stars do shine,
I look still how the wind stands at that time.
If a far off a Ship I chance to see,
I straight do hope that it thy Ship may be.
And then in haste upon the sands I run
So far, that I unto the Sea-waves come.
But when I have at length my error found,
Amongst my maids I fall down in a swound.
There is a hollow Bay bent like a Bow,
Whose rocky sides into the Sea far go;
To cast my self from thence is my intent,
Since to deceive me thou art falsly bent,
For when thou seest my body like a wrack
Cast on the shore, I know thou wilt look back

On the sad sight, and though thy heart should be
More hard than Adamant, thou'l pity me.
Sometimes I could drink poyon, or afford
To stab my tender brest with a sharp sword,
Or put a halter 'bout my neck, which oft
Thou hast embraced with thy arms more soft.
For I'll revenge my loss of Chastity,
Though I am doubtful yet what death to die.
And to declare my death from thee did come,
These lines shall be engrav'd upon my tomb.

Pbyllis that did Demophoon entertain,
Was by his unkindness and her own hand slain.



The Argument of the third Epistle.

THe Grecians being arrived at Phrygia, began to take the Cities near Troy, especially those opposite to the Isle Lesbos. Achilles the Son of Peleus and Thetis, invadeth both the Cilicians with Theans, and Lyrnefla besieged and took the Town Chyrneflus, and brought away two fair Virgins, Astinoe the Daughter of Chryses, called afterward by her Fathers name, and Briseis; Chryses he bestows on Prince Agamemnon, but keeps Briseis himself. But Agamemnon being

being commanded by the Oracle to restore Chryses to her Father,
took Briseis from Achilles: Who taking it as an indignity, absented
himself from the wars: no intreaty can prevail to make him fight
against Troy. Agamemnon sends him Briseis again with gifts,
sleights them both. Briseis thereupon in this Epistle complains of
too violent anger, intreats him to fight against the Trojans, to accept
Agamemnon's offer, and receive her again.

BRISEIS to ACHILLES.

THIS Letter *Briseis* unto thee doth send,
Which I perhaps in Greek have rudely pen'd.
My tears did make those blots which thou dost see;
And yet these weeping blots may speak for me.
If a Captive may with modesty complain
Of thee, my Lord, do not my suit disdain.
Unto *Agamemnon* thou didst me resign,
And yet alas this was no fault of thine!
When that *Eurybates* and *Talthibius* came
To fetch me, whom thou durst not then detain:
They wondred that thou couldest so soon deliver
Me to the Kings use, if thou lov'dst me ever.
Thou might'st have seemed loth for to depart,
And have bestow'd one kiss on thy Sweet-heart:
But yet I wept apace, my hair I tore,
As if I were a Captive made once more.
I often thought to steal away to thee,
But then I fear'd the Trojan enemy:
Lest being surpriz'd by them in my attempt,
They should to *Priam's* daughters me present.
But thou wilt say, thou couldst not me detain;
But yet thou might'st have fetcht me back again.
Patroclus then did speak thus in my ear;
Why dost thou weep? thou shalt not long stay there.

Fath Nay, thou wilt not deceive me now again,
 abso And much less fetch her whom thou dost disdain.
 fight Ajax and Phœnix both did come to thee,
 fts, Thy friend and cozen by consanguinity.
 s of And Ulysses, who with gifts and prayers did ~~wooe thee,~~
 acc To receive thy Briseis when they brought me to thee,
 And for a present twenty Basons brought,
 With seven three-footed Tables carv'd and wrought :
 To these ten Talents of Gold added were,
 And twelve brave Steeds that were train'd up to war,
 And many captive maid's, who with one look
 Could take the Conquerors that had them took :
 And a fair Virgin that thy wife might be ;
 But sure thou need'st no other wife but me ;
 From Agamemnon wouldst thou me redeem,
 That to receive these gifts so nice dost seem ?
 Achilles, how have I mov'd thy neglect ?
 Why dost thou now unkindly me reject ?
 'Or is its fortune's custom still to frown
 'On those who by misfortune are cast down ?
 I saw thee when thou didst Lyrnessus take,
 And of thy Briseis didst a captive make.
 I saw how many of my kindred were
 Slain by thy valiant hand, and did lie there
 Panting for life, till their fresh wounds had bled
 So much, that all the earth was painted red.
 Yet when I lost those Friends, I got another ;
 Thou art my Lord, my Husband, and my Brother,
 And by thy Mother, Queen of the salt Flood,
 Thou sworest all should turn unto my good,
 Binding thy self with promises, that I
 Should be most happy in captivity.
 But now both me, and those gifts which are sent thee,
 Thou dost refuse, for neither can content thee.

And

And I hear to morrow by the break of day,
 Thou meanest to take ship and sail away.
 When I did hear the news, my heart did fail,
 And presently my bloodless cheeks grew pale,
 But wilt thou go from me, my dear, and leave me ?
 Unto whose custody wilt thou bequeath me ?
 May I be laid into the earths cold bed,
 Or may the flaming thunder strike me dead ;
 Ere I behold the ship, cutting her way
 Through the green waves, while I am left to stay :
 If thou intendest to return again,
 Take me along, who no great burthen am :
 I'll follow thee and serve thee all my life
 As a poor captive, not as thy dear wife.
 I can inure my hands to labour hard ;
 And I can be content to spin or card.
 One of the fairest maids that *Greece* ere bred
 Shall be thy wife, and warm thy nuptial-bed ;
 My humble thoughts do not so high aspire,
 To be thy Servant is all I desire.
 I'll sit and spin until my task be done :
 And until all my Flax to thred be spun.
 Yet suffer not thy wife, I pray, to chide me,
 Because I love thee, she will not abide me.
 And do not suffer her to tear my hair ;
 Think how of *Briseis* thou didst once take care ;
 Nay though thou suffer her my hair to tear,
 Do not despise me, this is all my fear.
 What wouldst thou have ? *Agamemnon* doth repent ;
 And *Greece* for wronging thee is penitent.
 Subdue thy self, and now let him that hath
 Conquer'd so many, conquer his own wrath :
 Why dost thou let the coward *Hector* wast
 And spoil the *Grecians* ? take thou arms at last.

Achilles take thy arms, but first me take :
 Then crush those fellows, and force them to quake.
 For my sake thou art angry and offended,
 For me thy wrath began, in me let it be ended.
 It's no disgrace unto thy suit to yield.

Oetines did go into the field

Perswaded by his wife, though he laid by
 His Arms, and t'aid his Country did deny,
 She did perswade her valiant Husband st freight,
 But my words have, alas ! no power nor weight.
 I dare not call my self thy wife, for I
 Have lived with thee in Captivity ;
 Though my Lord hath often call'd his handmaid
 Unto his Bed, and I have him obeyed.

I do remember that a captive Maid
 Did call me Mistriss, unto whom I said,
 Lay not the weight of scorn on misery,
 That title suits not with Captivity ;
 For by my Fathers ashes I do swear,
 Of whom a reverend memory I bear ;
 By my three Brothers Souls, whose blood was spill'd
 For their Country, and in its defence were kill'd :
 By my lips, and by those soft lips of thine
 Which we did oftentimes together joyn ;
 And by thy Sword I swear, since I went from thee,
 That Agamemnon never lay with me.

But for thy honesty thou darst not swear,
 If I should put thee to thy oath, I fear.
 The Grecians think with sorrow thou art pin'd,
 But thou hast Musick to refresh thy mind ;
 While thy Sweet-heart doth clasp thee in her arms,
 Making her moistned kisses powerful charms
 To stay thee there, which makes the loth to fight ;
 Love and sweet Musick, yield thee more delight.

It is the safer course, in bed being laid;
To sport thy self with some young fearful Maid;
Or when with those joys thou art tir'd too much,
To give thy Thracian Lyre a gentle touch :
Than to hold Buckler or sharp pointed Spear,
Or on thy head a weighty Helmet wear ?
Yet in brave actions thou didst once delight,
And to win glory only thou wouldest fight.
Didst thou love war till I was captive made ?
And is thy valour since that time decay'd ?
The Gods forbid, I hope to see thy Spear
Wound valiant *Hector*, who doth no man fear.
Let the Grecians send me to my Lord to plead
Their cause with kisses, I can intercede
More powerfully than *Phoenix* or *Ulysses*,
There is a sweeter eloquence in kisses.
If I incircle thee within mine Arms,
My close embraces are like powerful charms ;
My naked Breasts being in thy view laid open,
Will soon persuade thee, though no word be spoken.
If thou wert like the Sea, void of compassion,
My silent tears would move commiseration.
As thou desir'st thy Fathers length of days,
Or to see *Pyrrhus* crown'd with wreaths of Bays,
Achilles take thy *Briseis* once again,
Have pity on that grief which I sustain.
If thy love be turn'd to hate, yet do not flout me,
Kill me out-right, who cannot live without thee.
Nay, thou dost kill me, for my strength doth fade,
My beauty and fresh colour is decay'd ;
Yet I do hope thou wilt thy *Briseis* take,
And this hope makes me live, even for thy sake.
But if my hopes of thee do fail, then I
To meet my Brother and Husband will die.

LIB. I.

23

Yet when others shall perchance read my sad story,
To kill a Woman will yield thee no glory.
Yet let no other kill me, thy weapon can
Kill me as soon as any other man.
Let thy sword give me such a wound that I
May bleed with pleasure, and so bleeding die.
Let thy sword send me to *Elysian* rest,
Which might have wounded *Hector's* valiant breast.
But let me live if thou art pleased so,
That love doth ask what thou grant'st to thy foe;
And rather kill thy *Trojan* foes than I,
Express thy valour on thy enemy.
And whether thou intend'st to go or stay,
Command me as my Lord to come away.

C 2

The



The Argument of the fourth Epistle.

THESEUS the son of Ægeus having slain the Minotaur, brought a ^{At last g}way by ship Ariadne daughter to Minos and Pasiphae, to whom ^{feel a}for helping him in killing the Minotaur, he had promised marriage, and the her Sister Phædra. But admonished by Bacchus, he leaves Ariadne ^{is tende}the Isle Naxos or Chios, and marries Phædra, who in Theseus's absence ^{or the}falls in love with her son-in-law Hippolytus, Theseus son by Hip-
polite an Amazon. He being a Bachelor, and much additted to hunt-

ing, she having no opportunity to speak unto him, discovers her love by this Epistle; wherein cunningly wooing and persuading him to love her, and lest it might seem dishonesty in a Mother to sollicit her son-in-law, she begins with an Insinuation.

PHÆDRA to HIPPOLYTUS.

Phedra unto Hippolytus sends health,

Which unless thou giv'st me, I must want my self;

Yet read it, for a Letter cannot fright thee,

There may be something in it may delight thee,

or these dumb Messengers sent out of hand,

Do carry secrets both by Sea and Land.

The Foe will read a Letter, though it be

Sent to him from his utter enemy.

Thrice I began my mind to thee to break,

Thrice I grew dumb, so that I could not speak.

There is a kind of modesty in love,

Which hindreth those that honest suits do move.

And love hath given command that every lover

Should write that which he blushest to discover.

Then to contemn Loves power it is not safe,

Who over all the Gods dominion hath.

Tis dangerous to resist the power of Love,

Who ruleth over all the Gods above.

Love bid me write, I followed his direction,

Who told me that my lines should win affection.

O! since I love thee, may my love again

Raise in thy breast another mutual flame.

That love which hath been a long time delay'd,

At last grows violent, and must be obey'd :

I feel a fire, a fire within my heart,

And the blind wound of love doth rage and smart,

These tender Heifers cannot brook the yoak,

nor the wild Colt, that is not backt nor broak,

Endure the bridle, so Loves yoak I find
 Is heavy to an unexperienc'd mind.
 When 'tis their art, and they can easily do it,
 That from their youth have been train'd up unto it;
 She that hath let her time run out at wast,
 Her love is violent when she loves at last.
 The forbidden fruits of Love I keep for thee,
 In tasting them let us both guiley be,
 It is some happiness to pluck and pull
 Fruit from a Tree, whose boughs with fruit are full;
 Or from the bush to gather the first Rose;
 I am the tree and bush where loves fruit grows:
 Yet hitherto my fame was never blotted;
 And for white chastity, I have been noted;
 And I am glad that my love have plac'd
 On one by whom I cannot be disgrac'd.
 Adultery in her is a base fact,
 That with some base fellow doth commit the act.
 But should Juno grant me her Jupiter,
 In love I would *Hippolitus* prefer.
 And since I lov'd thee, I do now embrace
 Those sports which thou dost love; to hunt and chase
 Wild savage Beasts, for I would gladly be
 A Huntress to enjoy thy company.
 And now like thee, no Goddess I do know,
 But chast Diana with her bended bow,
 I love the woods, and take delight to set
 The toyls, and chase the Deer into the Net.
 And I do take delight to hoop and hallow,
 And cheer the Dogs, while they the chase do follow.
 To cast a dart I now am cunning grown,
 Sometimes upon the grass I lie alone,
 Sometimes for pleasure I a Chariot drive,
 Reyning the Horse that with the bridle does strive,

Som

Sometime like those mad *Bacchi's* I do run,
 Who pipe when they to the Idean hill do come ;
 Or like those that have seen the horned fawns,
 And Dryads lightly tripping o'er the lawns.
 In such a frantick fit they say I am,
 When Love torment's me with his raging flame.
 And this same love of mine perhaps may be
 By fate entailed upon our family,
 For it is given to us in love to fall ;
 And *Venus* takes a tribute of us all.
 For first, great *Jupiter* did rarely gull
Europa with the false shape of a Bull.
 My Mother *Pasiphae* in a Cow of wood
 The leaping of a lustful Bull Withstood.
 My Sister likewise to false *Theseus* gave
 A Clew of silk, and so his life did save,
 Who through the winding labyrinth was led
 By the direction of this slender thred.
 And now like *Mirr's stoc's*, I even I
 Love as the rest did, in extremity.
 It fortunes that our love thus cross should be,
 Thy Father lov'd my Sister, I love thee.
 Thus *Theseus* and *Hippolitus* his Son
 Do glory that their love hath overcome
 Two Sisters, but I would we had remain'd
 At home, when we came to thy fathers land.
 For then especially thy presence mov'd me,
 And from that time I ever since have lov'd thee.
 My eye convey'd unto my heart delight,
 To like of thee, for thou wert cloath'd in white.
 A flowry garland did thy soft hair crown,
 And thy complexion was a lovely brown.
 Which some for a stern visage had mistook ;
 But *Phaedra* thought thou hadst a manly look.

For young-men should not be like women drest,
 A careleis dressing doth become them best ;
 The sternnes, and loose flowing of thy hair,
 And dusty countenance most graceful were.
 While thy curverting Steed did bound and fling,
 I admir'd to see thee ride him in the ring,
 If with thy strong arm thou didst toss the pike,
 Thy nimble strength I did approve and like.
 Or, if thou took'st thy Javelin in thy hand
 Me thought thou didst in comely posture stand,
 For all thy actions yielded me delight,
 And did appear most graceful in my sight. .
 Of the Woods wildnes do not then partake,
 Nor suffer me to perish for thy sake.
 For why should thou in hunting spend thy leisure ?
 And not delight on *Venus* sweeter pleasure ?
 There's nothing can endure without due rest,
 By which our wearied bodies are refresht.
 And thou might'st imitate *Diana*'s bow,
 Which if too often bended weak will grow.
Cephalus was a Wood-man, of great fame,
 And many wild Beasts by his hand were slain.
 Yet with *Aurora* he did fall in love,
 Her blushing beauty did his fancy move :
 While from her aged Husbands bed she rose,
 And wisely to young *Cephalus* straight goes.
Venus and young *Adonis* oft would lie
 Together on the grass most wantonly,
 And underneath some tree in the hot weather,
 They would lie kissing in the shade together.
Atalanta did *Oenides* fancy move,
 And gave her wild Beasts skins to shew his love.
 And therefore why may'st thou not fancy me,
 Sith without love the woods unpleasant be ?

I will follow thee o'er the rocky cliff,
I never fear the boars sharp fanged teeth.
To Seas the narrow *Isthmus* do oppose,
The raging waves on both sides of it flows.
Together thou and I will govern here
My Kingdom, than my Country far more dear :
My husband *Theseus* hath long absent been,
Is with his friend *Pirithous*, it doth seem.
Theseus (unless we will the truth deny)
Doth love *Pirithous* more than thee or I.
Is his unkindness that he stays so long,
Or he hath done us both far greater wrong.
With his great Club he did my Brother slay,
And left my Sister to wild Beasts a prey.
My Mother was a warlike Amazon,
Serving favor for thy sake her Son :
But cruel *Theseus* kill'd her with his Sword,
Who did to him so brave a son afford.
Or would he marry her ; for he did aim
That as a Bastard thou shouldst never reign ;
And many Children he on me begot,
Whose untimely death nor I but he did plot ;
Would I had died in labour, ere that I
Had wrong'd thee by a second Progeny.
Why shouldst thou reverence thy Fathers bed,
Which he doth shun, and now away is fled ?
A Mother be to love her Son inclin'd,
Why should vain names fright thy courageous mind ?
Such strict preciseness former times became,
When good old *Saturn* on the earth did reign.
But *Saturn's* dead, his laws are cancell'd now,
True rules, then follow what *Jove* doth allow ;
For *Jove* all sorts of pleasure doth permit,
Sisters may marry, if they think it fit,

With

With their own Brothers, *Venus* bond doth tye
 The knot more close of consanguinity.
 Besides, who can our stoln joys discover?
 With a fair outside we our fault may colour.
 If our embraces were discern'd by some,
 They would say, that Mother surely loves her Son.
 Thou need'st not come by night, no doors are bar'd
 And shut on me, thy passage is not hard.
 One house as it did once, may us contain.
 Thou oft hast kiss'd me, and shalt kiss again.
 Thou shalt be safe with me, nay, wert thou seen
 Within my bed, such faults have smothered been.
 Then come with speed to ease my troubl'd mind,
 And may love always prove to thee more kind.
 Thus I most humbly do entreat and sue,
 Pride and great words become not those that wooe.
 Thus I most humbly beg of thee alone.
 Alas! my pride and my great words are gone;
 To my desires long time I would not yield;
 But yet at last affection won the field,
 And as a Captive at thy royal feet
 Thy Mother begs: *Love knows not what is meet.*
 Shame hath forsook his Colours in my cheek,
 It is confess, yet grant that love I seek.
 Though *Minos* be my Father, who keeps under
 His power the Seas, and he that darteth thunder
 Be my Grand-father, and he be a kin
 To me, that hath his forehead circled in
 With many a clear beam, a sharp pointed ray,
 And drives the purple Chariot of the day,
 Love makes a servant of nobility;
 Then for my Ancestors even pity me.
 Nay Crete, *Fove's Island*, shall my Dowry be,
 And all my Court (*Hippolitus*) shall serve thee.

My Mother softned a Bulls stern breast,
And wilt thou be more cruel than a Beast?
Or love-sake love me, who hath thus complain'd,
Mayst thou love and never be disdain'd:
May the Queen of Forests help thee still,
May the Woods yield game for thee to kill.
May Fawns and Satyrs help thee every where,
Mayst thou wound the Boar with thy sharp spear.
May the Nymphs give thee water to slake
My burning thirst, though thou do Maidens hate.
Tears with my prayers I mingle, read my prayers,
And imagine that you do behold my tears.

The

H.



The Argument of the fifth Epistle.

Hecuba Daughter to Cisseus, and wife to Priam being with child, dreamt that she was deliver'd of a flaming Fire-brand, that set all Troy on fire, Priam troubl'd in mind, consults with the Oracle, receives answer, that his son should be the destruction of his Country, and therefore as soon as he was born commands his death. But his Mother Hecuba sends her son Paris secretly to the Kings Shepherds. They keep him, till being grown a young man, he fancied the Nymph Oenone, and married her. But when Juno, Pallas, and Venus contended about the golden

den Ap
it be
om Ju
fare,
know
, when
enone
suadin

U N
T
Nym
hele fo
ead it,
y Letr
none t
compla
What C
What f
With d
ut no
What I
ut une
hou v
hen i
ough
hou v
and wh
nder t
Whose
While
And w
in a po

*Golden Apple, which had this inscription, DETUR PULCHRIORI,
let it be given to the fairest, Jupiter made Paris their Judge. To
Juno promised a Kingdom, Pallas Wisdom, Venus Pleasure, and
the fairest of women; but he gave sentence for Venus. Afterward be-
ing known by his Father, and receiv'd into favor, he sail'd to Spar-
tum, whence he took Helen wife to Menelaus, and brought her to Troy.
None bearing thereof, complains in this Epistle of his unfaithfulness;
but suadeth him to send back Helen to Greece, and receive her again.*

OENONE to PARIS.

Unto my *Paris*, for though thou art not mine,
Thou art my *Paris*, because I am thine,
Nymph doth send from the *Idean Hill*
these following words, which do this Paper fill.
Read it, if that thy new wife will permit,
My Letter is not in a strange hand writ.
None through the *Phrygian woods* well known,
Complains of wrong, that thou to her hast done.
What God hath us'd his power to cross our love?
What fault of mine hath made thee faithless prove?
With deserv'd sufferings I could be content;
But not with undeserved punishment.
What I deserve, most patient I could bear,
But undeserv'd punishments heavy are.
Thou wert not then of such great dignity,
When I a young Nymph did first marry thee;
Though now forsooth, thou *Priam's son* art prov'd,
Thou wert a servant first, when first we lov'd:
And while our sheep did graze, we both have laid
Under some tree together in the shade;
Whose boughs like a green Canopy were spred,
While the soft grass did yield us a green bed;
And when the dew did fall, we often lay
In a poor Cottage, upon straw or hay.

I shew'd thee both, what Lawns and Forests were
Likely to yield much store of game, and where
The wild beasts did in sacred caves abide,
And their young ones in the hollow rocks did hide.
To set thy Toyls with thee I oft have gone,
After the Hounds I o'er the Hills have run.
My name on every Beech-tree I do find,
Thou hadst engrav'd Oenone on their rind;
And as the body of the tree doth, so
The Letters of my name do greater grow.
Close by a River (I remember it)
These lines are on an Alder fairly writ ;
And may the Alder flourish still and spread,
Because these lines may on the bark be red :
When Paris doth to Oenone false become,
Xanthus unto his spring doth backward run.
Xanthus run back, thy course now backward take,
For *Paris* doth his *Oenone* forsake.
That day did unto me most fatal prove ;
That day began the winter of thy love,
When *Venus*, *Juno* and fair *Pallas* came
Naked before thee, and did not disdain
To chuse thee for their Judge, when thou had'st told
The story to me, my faint heart grew cold.
Of the experienc'd I did counsel take,
They did resolve me, thou wouldest me forsake.
For thou didst build new ships without delay,
And didst send forth a Fleet to Sea straightway.
Yet thou didst weep at thy departure hence ;
Do not deny it, it was no offence :
For by my love thy credit is not stain'd,
But of loving *Helen* thou may'st be alsham'd.
Thou wept'st, and also at that very time
Thou saw'st me weep, my tears dropping with thine.

and as the Vine about the Elm doth wind,
thy arms were about my neck entwin'd.
Then thou complain'dst because the winds cross were,
the sailors laugh'd, because the wind stood fair.
Thou didst kiss me oft, when thou didst depart,
and thou wert loth to say, farewell, Sweet-heart.
At last a gentle gale of wind did blow,
so that thy ship from land did slowly go.
Looking after thee long time did stand,
weeping, and shedding tears on the dry sand.
And to the green *Nereides* I did pray,
my voyage might be speedy without stay:
For me it was too speedy, since that I
sustain the loss of thy false love thereby.
To *Theffaly* my Prayers have brought thee safe,
and for a Whore my Prayer prevailed hath.
There is a Mountain that to Sea doth look,
which beating of the foaming waves can brook:
From hence when I beheld thy ship was coming,
into the Sea I presently was running.
But standing still at length I might discern
purple flag, which waved on the stern:
Then whether it were thy Ship I did doubt,
because such colours thou didst not put out.
But when thy Ship to shore did nearer stand,
and a fair gale did bring it close to land,
Womans face I straightway did behold,
Which made my heart to tremble, and wax cold.
And while I stood doating there, I might espy
Thy sweet-heart that did on thy bosom lie.
O then I wept, my breast I struck and beat,
and tore my cheeks, that with my tears were wet;
Tilling the Mountain *Ida* with my cries;
And there I did bewail my miseries.

May *Helena* at last so weep, so grieve,
 When thou dost falsely her forsake and leave :
 And may she that to me this wrong doth offer,
 Be wrong'd in the like kind, and like wrong suffer.
 When thou wert poor, and led'st a Shepherds life,
 None but *Oenone* was thy loving wife.
 'Tis not thy wealth, nor state that I admire ;
 Nor to be *Priam's* daughter do I desire.
 Yet *Priam*, nor his *Hecuba*, need disdain
 Me for their daughter, since I worthy am,
 I am fit to be a Princess to command,
 A Royal Scepter would become my hand.
 Despise me not, because that I with thee
 Have lain under some shady Beechen-tree ;
 For I am fitter for thy Royal bed,
 When it with Purple Quilts is covered.
 Lastly, my Love is safest, since for me
 No wars shall follow, nor no fleet shall be
 Sent forth ; but if thou *Helena* do take,
 She shall by force of arms be fetched back.
 Blood is the portion which thou shalt obtain,
 If thou dost marry with this stately Dame.
 Ask *Hector* and *Deiphobus*, If she
 Should not unto the *Greeks* restored be ;
 Ask *Priam*, and *Antenor* wise and grave,
 Who by their age much deep experience have.
 For to prefer a beauteous rape before
 Thy Country, must be bad and base all o're.
 Since to defend a bad cause is a shame,
 Her Husband shall just Wars 'gainst thee maintain.
 Nor think that *Helen* faithful will become,
 Who was so quickly woo'd, so quickly won.
 As *Menelaus* grieves, because that she
 Hath with a stranger, by adultery,

Wrong would

Wronged the chast rites of the Nuptial bed,
 And let a stranger so adorn his head :
 So thou wilt then confess no art, or cost
 Can purchase honesty that once is lost.
 She that is bad once, will in bad persever,
 And being bad once will be bad for ever.
 As she loves thee, so she before did Love
 Menelaus, unto whom she false did prove.
 Thou might'ſt have been more faithful unto me,
 As thy Brother was to fair *Andromache*.
 But thou art lighter than dry leaves, which be
 By every wanton wind blown off the tree:
 Or like the waving corn, which every whiff
 Of wind doth bend, until it grow more stiff.
 Thy Cousin once (for I remember't well)
 With dishevell'd hair did thus my fate foretel ;
 What dost thou *Oenone*? why dost thou sow
 The barren sands ? Or why dost thou thus go
 About to plough the shore? it is in vain ;
 Such fruitless tillage can yield thee no gain.
 A Grecian Maid is coming that shall be
 Fatal unto thy Country, and to thee.
 And may the ship be drown'd in the salt flood,
 Whose sad arrival shall cost so much Blood.
 Then she had said thus, straight my flaxen hair
 Began to heave and stand upright for fear.
 Alas, thou wert too true a Prophetess,
 For she is come and doth my place possess ! {
 Yet she is but a fair adulteress,
 Who with a strangers love was sooon took ;
 And for his sake her Country hath forsook.
 Besides, one *Theseus* (though I know not whom)
 Brought her out of the Country long agone.
 And canſt thou think an amorous young-man
 Long would ſend her a pure Virgin back again ?

If thou wouldest know how I these truths descry,
It is my Love, Love doth in all things pry.

If thou call'st her fault a rape, yet that name
May seem to hide her fault, but not her shame.

Since she so often from her Country went,
'Twas not by violence, but by her consent.

Though by deceit thou me instructed hast,
Yet Oenone still remaineth chaste.

I hid me in the woods, while th' wanton rout
Of nimble Satyrs sought to find me out:

And horned Fawns with wreaths of sharp pine crown'd,
Over the mountain *Ida* sought me round.

For great *Apollo* that protecteth *Troy*
The spoil of my Virginity did enjoy

By force against my will; for which disgrace
I tore my guiltless hair and scratch'd my face:

Yet neither precious stones could me entice,
Nor gold; for I set on my self no price.

She that hath wit, and ingenuity,
Seemeth for gifts to sell Virginity.

Apollo thought me worthy to impart
To me the skill of Physick, and his Art:

The virtue of all Herbs he did reveal
To me, and shew'd what Herbs have power to heal.

Yet wo's me, that no powerful Herb is found,
That can recure Loves inward bleeding wound.

Since great *Apollo* who did first invent
The art of Phyfick, yet for my sake went

And kept *Admetus* Oxen; for the flame
Of my love turn'd him to a Shepherd swain:

Though *Apollo*'s art, nor Herbs, cannot relieve me;
Yet thou canst help me and some comfort give me;

Thou canst, O then have pity on a Maid;
For me the Grecians shall not thee invade.

As I
I ha

The
ould co
ng his y

As from my blooming years, and childish time
I have been, so let me still remain thine,

Oenone.



The Argument of the sixth Epistle.

The Oracle had told Pelias the son of Neptune, that he should be near his death, when, as he was sacrificing to his Father, one would come to him with one foot naked and bare. As he was performing his yearly sacrifice, Jason son to Aeson, and his Nephew, having left

one of his shoes sticking in the mud of the River Anaurus, *hasting to the sacrifice*, meets him with one foot naked. Pelias remembering the Oracle, persuades Jason to go to Colchos to fetch the golden Fleece, hoping his destruction by the impossibility of the attempt. But courageous Jason willingly undertook the Voyage, and so accompanied with many Grecian Nobles, he set forth in the Ship Argo from Pegasus a Haven of Thessaly, and sailed to the Isle Lemnos : where when the Women consented to kill all the Men on one night, Hypsiphe who had only preserved her Father Thoas alive, then reigned, and at board and bed kindly entertained Jason. But after two years, the time and importunity of his company urging him to proceed in his intended attempt, he leaves Hypsiphe with child, and sails to Colchos ; where by Medea's art having charmed the Dragon fast asleep, and overcome the fierce Bulls, he brought away the Golden Fleece and Medea. Hypsiphe being grieved that Medea was preferred before her, in this Epistle congratulates Jason's return, rails on Medea's cruelty and witchcraft, to make her contemptible ; and lastly, curses both Jason and Medea.

HYP SIPHILE to JASON.

TO *Thessaly* thou art return'd again,
Rich in the Golden Fleece, which thou did'st gain.
I am glad thou'rt well, yet it were better
If I had heard of thy health by thy Letter.
It may be that the wind did not stand fair,
That to my Kingdom thou couldst not repair ;
And yet although contrary winds stood cross,
To venture a Letter had been no loss.

Hypsiphile had deserv'd thy salutations,
Sent in a Letter of kind commendations.
I heard not by thy Letters but by Fame,
That thou didst Mars his sacred Oxen tame ;
And how the Dragons teeth being sow'd, did bring
Forth armed men, which from the earth did spring.

In whose Blood thou didst not thy hand embrew,
 For those sons of Earth one another slew,
 And from the watchful Dragon while he slept,
 Thou took'st the Golden Fleece which he had kept.
 What sudden joy had I conceiv'd at it,
 If thou this joyful news to me hadst writ ?
 Of thy unkindness why do I complain ?
 Fear thou dost my former love disdain.
 A barbarous enchantress thou hast brought,
 And her more worthy of thy love hast thought ;
 Love soon believes ; yet I wish, I may be
 Censur'd for rashness in accusing thee.
 From Thessaly a stranger came of late,
 And as soon as he was come to my gate,
 askt him how my Jason did, and staid
 looking down to the ground no answer made ;
 straightway into a passion I did break,
 earing my garments, and thus I did speak ;
 Tell me if that my Jason, live, that I,
 If he be dead, may follow him and die.
 He lives, says he : and yet through loving fear
 scarce believ'd him, though that he did swear.
 But when my doubtful mind his words believ'd,
 askt what valiant deeds thou hadst atchiev'd ?
 And he related the whole story, how
 thou madst the brazen-footed Oxen plough.
 Now from the Dragons teeth on the earth sow'd
 harvest of brave armed Souldiers grow'd ;
 Which earth-sprung men did straightway fall at jars,
 And flew each other in their civil wars :
 And that thou kill'dst the Dragon : when I heard
 these deeds of thine, again I grew affear'd.
 Again I asked him, if Jason did live,
 words through fear I hardly could believe ; .

Yet by the carriage of his speech I found,
 That thy unkindness had given me a wound.
 Where are thy promises, those marriage bands,
 Which once did joyn our loving hearts and hands?
 Or where is *Hymen*'s torch that burnt so bright?
 Fitter to have been a sad funeral light.
 I was no where; *Juno* and *Hymen* too
 At our glad Nuptials themselves did show.
 Not *Juno*, nor *Hymen*, when we did marry,
 But *Erinnys* did the fatal torches carry.
 The *Thessalians* and *Minnans* strangers were
 To me; and why did *Tiphys* put in here
 His ship? Here is no wealthy Ram doth bear
 A golden Fleece upon his back, nor here
 Doth old *Aetos*'s fair lofty Palace stand.
 This *Lemnia* is a little small Island;
 I had resolv'd (but fate did it withstand)
 To drive thee from hence with a Feminine band.
 Though *Lemnian* women had their husbands kill'd,
 I thought 'twas pity thy blood should be spill'd.
 Thy first sight in me such a liking bred,
 That I entertain'd thee at board and bed.
 And thou two Summers with me stayedst here,
 And while two Winters also passed were.
 And the third year, when thou didst sail away,
 With weeping tears unto me thou didst say,
Hypsiphile, though I am forced to go
 And leave thee here, yet I would have thee know,
 That till I do return again, I'll be
 Always a faithful Husband unto thee.
 And may that prosper which is in thy womb,
 To make me a glad Parent when I come;
 Then down thy face thy cunning tears did fall,
 The rest for grief thou couldst not speak at all.

of all thy company thou went'st last of all
 Aboard the ship which thou didst *Argo* call :
 Away it flies, when once the hollow sail
 Was driven forward with a lusty gale ;
 And while thy ship the blew waves pass'd o're,
 I lookt upon the Sea, thou to the shore.
 And then into my Turret I did go,
 While tears did down my cheeks and bosom flow :
 I looked through my tears and they did seem,
 As if they watry perspectives had been :
 For thorow them me thought that I could view,
 Things further off than I was wont to do.
 Then I made vows and I did chastly pray
 For thy return, which vows I now should pay.
 But shall I pay vows for *Medea*'s good ?
 Love mixt with anger doth enrage my Blood.
 Because I have lost *Jason* that doth live,
 Shall I Sacrifices on the Altar give ?
 I must confess I always was afraid
 Lest thou shouldst marry some young Grecian Maid.
 I fear'd the Grecian Maids, but thou hast brought
 A barbarous Harlot, of whom I ne'er thought :
 She cannot please thee with her beauteous look,
 With her charms and skill in herbs thou art took.
 For from the Sphere she can call down the Moon,
 And hide in clouds the Horses of the Sun ;
 She can make Rivers stay their hasty course,
 And make green woods and stones remove by force,
 Unto the grave with loosen'd hair she comes,
 And out of the warm ashes gathers bones.
 When she would bewitch another, she doth frame
 In wax his picture, and to encrease his pain
 In the heart of it small needles doth stick,
 Which maketh his own heart to ake and prick,

And by her cursed charms she can force love,
 Which beauty and fair virtue ought to move.
 How canst thou then embrace her with delight
 Or sleep securely by her in the night?
 But as she did with charms the Dragon quell,
 And Bulls, so she hath charm'd thee with a Spell;
 Besides of glory she will have a share,
 Out of those deeds by thee performed were.
 And some of *Pelias* side will think each deed
 Of thine, did from the force of charm, proceed;
 And that though *Jason* sailed unto Greece,
Medea brought away the Golden Fleece,
 Thy Father and thy Mother both are wroth,
 That thou shouldst bring a wife out of the North.
 A Husband for her may at home be found,
 Or else where *Tanais* doth *Scythia* bound.
 But *Jason* is more fickle than the wind,
 And in his words no constancy I find.
 As thou wentst forth, why didst not come again?
 Coming and going I thy wife remain.
 If Nobility of birth can thee content,
King Thoas is my Father by descent;
Bacchus my Uncle is, whose wifes crown shines
 With Stars enlightning all the lesser Signs.
 And faithful *Lemnos* shall my Dowry be,
 Which thou might'st have, if that thou wouldest have me,
Jason for my delivery may be glad
 Of that sweet burthen which by him I had,
 For *Lucina* unto me so kind hath been,
 That I two children unto thee did bring.
 They are most like to thee in outward show,
 Yet they their Fathers falsehood do not know:
 These young Ambassadors I to thee had sent,
 But their step-mother hindred my intent;

feared fiercee *Medea*, whose hands be
ready to act all kind of villainy.

She that her brothers limbs could peace meal tear,
Would she have pity on my Children dear ?
And yet her charms have madly blinded thee,
To prefer her before *Hypsiphile*.

She was an adulteress when she first knew thee,
By chaste marriage was given to thee :
She betray'd her Father, I sav'd mine from death ;
She forsook *Colchos*, but me *Lemnos* hath.

And though her dowry be her wickedness,
From me she got my Husband nevertheless.

Iason, I blame the *Lemnian* womens act,
That wronged sorrow thrust us on each fact.

Tell me, suppose cross winds by chance had driven
Thee, and thy company into my Haven ;

If with my Children I had come to meet thee,
With curses might not I most justly greet thee ?

How couldst thou look upon my Babes or me ?

What death deserv'st thou for thy treachery ?

To preserve thee it had my mercy been,
And sure I had though thou unworthy seem.

And with the Harlots Blood I would not fail
To fill my cheeks, which her charms have made pale.

Medea to *Medea* I would be,
And seriously revenge my injury.

Great *Jupiter* will my prayer receive,
Like to *Hypsiphile*, so may she grieve.

And since she like a Succubus me wrongs,
May she know what unto my grief belongs.

And as I am of my Husband bereft,
May she be a Widow with two Children left ;
As to her Brother, and her Father she
Was cruel, may she to her Husband be.

A
And

And may she wander, o'er Earth, Sea and Air
 A hated murdress, hopeless, poor, and bare.
 Having lost my Husband thus I pray beside,
 May he live accursed with his wicked Bride.



The Argument of the seventh Epistle.

After the destruction of Troy, Æneas the son of Anchises
 Venus, taking his Penates or household gods with him, ge-

ha A

Sea w
driven
Belus,
cruel i
ber ha
soft m
and en
Italy,
in vain
say hi
at the

A S
So I n
Since H
Havin
To los
For th
And u
Æneas
To fin
Thou c
Whose
Thou l
And se
Which
For w
Thou t
Thou r
Or wh
A City

Sea with twenty ships. Through tempestuous weather at Sea, he is driven to Libya, where Dido (as Virgil hath feigned) Daughter to Belus, and wife to Sichæus, Hercules Priest, leaving Tyre, for the cruel avarice of her brother Pigmalion, who had unawares kill'd her husband for his wealth, had built the new City Carthage : she most magnificently entertained Æneas and his companions, loved him, and enjoyed him : But when Mercury admonisht him to depart for Italy, which Country the Oracle had promised him; Dido, having in vain endeavoured by entreaty to divert him from his purpose, and stay his journey, being sick to death, writes unto him, accusing him at the cause of her death.

DIDO to ÆNEAS.

A S the Swan by Mæanders fords doth lie
In the moist weeds, and sings before she die:
So I not hoping to perswade thy stay,
Since one that will not hear me, I do pray.
Having lost my credit and Virginity,
To lose a few words a small loss will be ;
For thy poor Dido thou meanest to forsake,
And unto Sea wilt a new voyage make.
Æneas, thou wilt needs depart from me,
To find strange Kingdoms out in Italy.
Thou car'st not for new Carthage, or for my Lands
Whose Scepter I have given into thy hands.
Thou shun'st my Country which might be thy own,
And seek'st a Country unto thee unknown ;
Which if thou findest out, thou canst not gain ;
For who will suffer a stranger to reign ?
Thou seek'st another Dido, whom in Love
Thou may'st deceive and false unto her prove ;
Or when like unto Carthage canst thou build
A City, that doth store of people yield ?

If

If all things happen to thee prosperously,
Where wilt thou find so kind a wife as I?
Like a wax Taper I burn with desire,
Or like sweet incense in the funeral fire;
And still I wish, *Aeneas* would but stay,
Aeneas I do think on night and day.
He careless of my love, and gifts doth seem,
Had I been wise I had not car'd for him.
Yet I cannot hate *Aeneas*, although he
Doth plot some unkind dealing against me.
Of thy unfaithfulness I do complain,
Having complain'd, I love thee more again.
Spare me, O *Venus*, since thou art his Mother;
Help me, O *Cupid*, since thou art his Erother;
Soften his heart, that he may milder prove,
And be a Souldier in the Tents of Love.
And since to love him I think it no shame,
O may he love me with a mutual flame!
Thou art some false *Aeneas* I do find,
Thou dost not bear thy Mothers gentle mind.
Stones, Rocks, and Oaks are hard like to thy brest,
More merciless than any Savage beast,
Or than the Seas, which winds do now incense,
Yet with contrary winds thou wouldest go hence:
Winter to stay thy journey hence essays,
Look how the Eastern winds the waves do raise.
Then to the winds let me beholding be,
Though for thy stay, I had rather owe't to thee.
But I see rugged Seas, and blustring wind
More just and gentle are, than thy false mind.
To untimely death I would not have the come,
(Although deserv'd) while thou from me dost run.
Is thy life so cheap, or hatred such at most,
That thou wilt leave me though thy life it cost?

The winds and waves, their fury will appease,
When Triton drives his blew steeds o'er the seas.
Would thy affections would change with the wind !
they will if thou bear'st not a cruel mind.

wouldest thou not known the Sea, what would'st thou do ?
ince having try'd it, thou wilt trust it too.

ough to weigh Anchor the smooth Sea perswade thee ;
et in the Ocean dangers may invade thee ;
he Sea doth favor no unfaithful men,
ut for unfaithfulness doth punish them.

peciallly such as do their Sweet-hearts wrong,
ince naked *Venus* from the green Sea sprung.

take care for him, that would me forsake,
nd am affraid the Sea should thee shipwrack.

ive, for bad fame is worse than death can be,
When the World shall say that thou hast kill'd me.

suppose a storm at Sea should thee assail ;

Would not thy courage then begin to quail ?

hy false oaths then would come into thy mind,
and *Dido* whom thou kill'dst by beingunkind,

ly bloody shape would hideously appear
before thy eyes, with loose long-spreading hair :

hen thou wouldst say, this thundering storm is sent
ustly, for my deserved punishment.

til thou maist go safely, do but stay ;
t would comfort me, if thou wouldst delay

hy voyage ; spare *Ascanius* thy Son ;
Though I by thee to untimely death do come.

What have *Ascanius*, or those Gods deserv'd
Drowning, which were by thee from fire preserv'd ?

But though thou brag'dst to me ; yet I do fear,
Thy Gods and Father thou didst never bear,

Upon thy shoulders, through the flaming Fire ;
or I am jealous that thou wert a Lyer ;

For

For I am not the first, whom thou didst wrong,
Or first deceive with thy alluring tongue.

Aseanius Mother too by thee was left,

And thy unkindness her of life bereft.

Thou told'st me so much, which I now believe,

And this sad story made my heart to grieve;

And that the Gods do hate thee it appears,

Who hadst wander'd by sea and land seven years;

Driven by storms I did thee entertain,

And gave thee all, ere I scarce knew thy name;

And would that I had only been content

To have entertain'd thee, and no further went.

For I should happy be if Fame would die,

And never tell how I with thee did lie.

That day was fatal, when a shewre us drove

To meet together in a silent Cave.

Me thought I heard the Nymphs begin to howl,

The furies at that present time did scowl.

Now thou dost punish me for *Sichæus* sake,

To whom my faith I then did violate.

And sure my Ghost will even blush for shame,

When after death we two do meet again.

Sichæus Statue in a sacred place

Stands cover'd with leaves and a woolleth case:

From whence me thought a hollow voice did say,

And sometimes calk *Elisa*, Come away.

I come, and yet the fault that I have done

Is the cause that I am so slow to come.

Pardon me, since that no base fellow wrought

My ruine, and this may excuse my fault,

Since he from *Venus* and *Anchises* came,

I hoped that he faithful vwould remain.

And though I err'd, I had a good intent;

Of his falsehood, not my error I repent;

as at first, so now at last I find,
That fortune still doth prove to me unkind.
My Brother at the sacred Altar kill'd
My Husband, and his Blood for wealth he spill'd,
And after like a banisht Creature I
From my own Country was enforc'd to fly.
Leaving my Brother, strangers here receiv'd me,
And bought this Land which I would have given thee.
And built this City compassing it withal,
Even round about with a defensive wall.
Then sudden wars did me straightway invade
Before that I the City gates had made:
And many suiters did of me approve,
Who all did come to wooe, and win my love.
Now to *Iarbas* I yield me up at leisure,
Since thou hast obtain'd of me thy own pleasure.
My Brother in my Blood desires to stain
His hand, by whom my Husband first was slain.
Therefore, do not thou presume to touch
The Altars of those Gods, who would too much
By thy presumptuous prayers be profan'd,
Lift not unto the Gods an impure hand;
For if to worship them thou shouldst aspire,
They would be sorry that they scap'd the fire.
And that I am with Child too it may be,
And that the fruits of Love now grow in me.
And as thou has the Mother first undone,
So to untimely death my Babe shall come.
So that *Ascanius* his unborn Brother
Shall die, like an unripe fruit in his Mother.
But *Mercury* for staying here hath chid thee,
Would he had for coming to forbide thee.
And I do wish the *Trojans* had ne'er found,
Nor landed on the *Carthaginian* ground.

Tost with contrary winds thou hast long time
 Sought that land which *Apollo* did assign.
 To return to *Troy* thou wouldest not take such pain,
 If *Hector* liv'd, and *Troy* did stand again.
 Thou seekst not *Simois*, but swift *Tybris* River,
 And shalt be a stranger when thou comest thither ;
 Which thou shalt not discover, nor behold,
 Until perhaps thou art in years grown old.
 But rather take this Kingdom, and the wealth
 Of *Pigmalion*, as a dowry to my self.
 Let ancient *Troy* in *Carthage* now remain,
 Take thou the Royal Scepter and here Raign.
 If thou, or else thy young Son *Julius* are
 Desirous to get honor by the war ;
 Here thou shalt find a foe to overcome,
 For sometimes the red Colours and the Drums
 Do banish peace, therefore I intreat of thee ,
 As thou lov'st thy Countries Gods, and Company,
 Spare me ; I beg it by thy Brothers darts,
 Young *Cupid*, that doth wound all mortal hearts.
 So may the *Trojans* still victorious be,
 And *Troys* destruction end thy misery.
 So may *Ascanius* in his youth be blest,
 So may *Archises* bones still softly rest.
 Though I offer thee my self, do not reject me ;
 What is my fault, but that I do affect thee ?
 I am not come of the *Mycenian* Blood,
 By Friends, or Father, thou art not withstood.
 Or if to call me wife thou do'st disdain,
 Call me thy Hostess, I will take that name.
 Or with any other name thou shalt assign,
 I am content, so *Dido* may be thine.
 I know the Seas, that bear the Africk Shoar
 At certain seasons may be passed o'er
 here are miss'd 8 leaves w^t are put in
 at the 82^d Page — — —

dalus Art Pasiphae had by a Bull, while her husband Minos was at the Athenian wars. The lot falling on Theseus, he was sent amongst the rest; but Ariadne instructed him how to kill the Minotaure, and return again out of the Labyrinth, as Catullus saith;

Errabunda regens tenui vestigia filo.

Guiding his steps, which she led,
By a Clew of slender thred.

Afterward Theseus departing from Creet with Ariadne and Phædra, he arriv'd at the Isle Naxos, where Bacchus administered him to leave Ariadne, and he accordingly left her when she was fast asleep: As soon as she awaked, she writ this Letter, complaining of Theseus cruelty and ingratitude, and in a pitiful manner intreats him to come again, and take her into his ship.

ARIADNE to THESEUS.

I Have found all kinds of Beasts much more mild
And gentle than thy self, who hast beguil'd
My trust: for it had been more safe for me,
To have believ'd a salvage beast, than thee.
This Letter, *Theseus*, from thence doth come,
Where thou didst leave me, and away didst run,
When I was fast asleep, then thou didst leave me,
Watching that opportunity to deceive me:
It was at that time when the Heavens strew
Upon the earth their sweet and pearly dew;
And the first waking birds did now begin,
In the cool boughs to tune their notes and sing:
I being half a sleep and half awake.
Yet so much knowledge had, that for thy sake,
With my hand I felt about thy warm place,
Thinking indeed my *Theseus* to embrace:
I felt about the bed, but he was gone,
I felt about again, but there was none.

F

Theseus

Then with my wretched hand I struck my breast ;
 And tore my loosen'd hair, that was undrest.
 The Moon shin'd bright, so that I looked o're
 To the Sea-ward, but saw nothing but the shore ;
 Now here, and there confusedly I ran,
 The heavy sand did my swift feet detain :
 At last I called *Theseus* on the shore ;
 The hollow Rocks thy name did back restore ;
 The echo call'd as many times as I,
 And seemed to help me in my misery.
 There was a mountain topt with some few bushes,
 Under those rocky sides the Sea still rushes ;
 On it I clamber'd up, Love gave me strength,
 Whence I could see far unto sea at length :
 From hence (for I the Winds did cruel find)
 Discern'd a ship that sail'd with the North wind ;
 I saw it, or I thought I did behold
 It, which did make my heart half dead, and cold;
 Yet sorrow wou'd not suffer me to lie
 Long in this Trance, but coming out of't I
 Cry'd out O *Theseus* ! whither dost thou run ?
 Return, O *Theseus*, and to me back come.
 Turn back thy ship again for to take me,
 Thou want'st one yet of thy company.
 Thus did I cry, and strike my breast betwixt,
 While blows and words were both together mixt.
 Though thou could'st not hear me, yet I did stand
 Spreading my arms abroad upon the Land
 That thou might'st see me, and a white flag hung
 To make thee see me, who from me didst run.
 Thy ship at last did fail quite out of sight,
 And then the tears ran down my cheeks outright.
 For how could my sad eyes but chuse to weep,
 After thy sails out of my sight did slip ?

Abroad

Abroad I wander'd with loose flowing hair,
Like women that by *Bacchus* enraged are.
Sometimes I looking unto sea would sit
On a stone, as void as the stone of wit;
Then to the bed I walkt where we had lain,
Which never should receive us more again;
And it a pleasure unto me did seem,
To touch the warm place where thy limbs had been;
And in the very place I down would lie,
With weeping tears, and thus begin to cry:
weet-bed, we both have lain on thee together,
At two lay down, two should have risen together.
I on this forsaken Isle am left,
Of men and all humanity bereft.
The Sea encompasseth this Island round,
No ship or Pylot from this Isle is bound.
Appole I could a ship and wind command,
Dare not sail back to my fathers land.
Though my ship through the smooth sea did glide on,
Winds stood fair, I am banisht from home,
And from Crete, that a hundred Cities had,
Where Jove was nursed when he was a lad.
Betray'd my Father by that plot I fram'd,
Country where he long uprightly reign'd,
And lest thou in the labyrinth had'st dy'd,
Give thee a Clew of thred thy steps to guide.
Those past dangers thou did'st iwear to me,
Thou while I did live, would'st constant be.
Live, and find thee false, if't may be said,
Belives, thar by a false man is betray'd.
ould thy Club had kill'd me, as't did my brother,
en in my death thou all my wrongs might st smother.
I conceive what I must suffer here,
What I may endure, doth urge my fear.

A thousand shapes of death methinks I see,
 The fear of death is worse than death can be.
 Now lest some Wolf should come, I am in fear,
 Who with his greedy teeth my limbs should tear :
 Perhaps this land doth yellow Lyons breed,
 And cruel Tigers from this Isle proceed.
 Perhaps great sea-calves on the shore abide,
 Or else the Sword may pierce my tender side.
 Or like a Captive I may be etchain'd,
 And unto servile labour be constrain'd ;
 Whose Father *Minos* was, and whose Mother
 Was *Phæbus* daughter, which I need not smother.
 And that which rather should remember'd be,
 That I was once betrothed unto thee.
 If I look to the shore, the land or sea,
 The sea and land do seem to threaten me.
 If to Heaven, to the Gods I dare not pray,
 But I am left to the wild beasts a prey.
 The men that here inhabit I distrust.
 Being deceiv'd by thee my fears are just.
 I wish now that *Androgeus* did live,
 Whose death occasion of that tax did give,
 I wish, O *Theseus*, thy Club had not slain
 The monster half a beast, and half a man.
 Would I had not given thee a Clew of thred,
 By which thy steps in coming back were led.
 I wonder not thou got'st the victory,
 Or that this *Cretian* beast was slain by thee.
 Thou hadst an iron breast, which war so arm'd,
 So that thou couldst not by his horns be harm'd.
 Sure an obdurate Adamant was in't,
 And *Theseus* was all o'er as hard as flint.
 O cruel sleep ! why did I slumbering lye ?
 Would I had slept unto eternity.

O cruel winds ! why did ye stand so fair,
As if ye did desire to breed my care ?
O cruel hand of thine ! which hath slain me,
And my poor brother by infidelity.
My sleep, the wind and thou, did all conspire,
And to betray a Maid did all desire.
Now at my death my mother shall not weep,
Nor close my eyes up in eternal sleep.
My hapless ghost shall wander in the air,
To embalm my body no friend shall care,
Sea-Vultures shall upon my carkass light,
For I shall have at all no funeral Rite.
But unto *Athens* when thou art come home.
Then thou sitting upon thy Royal Throne
Shalt tell how thou the *Minotaur* did slay,
Out of the Labyrinth finding the right way ;
And tell amongst thy acts, how thou hadst left
Me on this Island, of all help bereft.
Algeus, nor yet *Aethra* cannot be
Thy Parents, Rocks were parents unto thee.
If from thy ships decks thou hadst spied me.
My sad looks unto pity had mov'd thee.
Think now thou seest me standing on a Rock,
Whose chalky sides the beating waves do mock.
See how my hair is o'er my shoulders spread,
My garments wet with tears, that I have shed,
And how my body trembling to and fro,
Like shaking corn, which the North wind doth blow;
Or like some miss-shap'd Letter I do stand,
That hath been written by a trembling hand.
To urge my merit I dare not presume,
"No thanks are due to service that is done.
Yet there's no reason thou shouldst punish me
With death, because from death I saved thee."

To thee my hands I heave up and do spread,
 Which with beating my breast are wearied,
 I intreat thee by my hair, which I do spread,
 And by my tears for thy unkindness shed,
 Turn back thy ship, O Theseus, for my sake ;
 Though I am dead, my carcals with thee take,



The Argument of the eleventh Epistle.

MAcareus and Canace, the son and daughter of Æolus King of the Winds, did love one another, and thinking to colour over their incestuous fault with natural affection, Canace brought forth a son, and sending it out of the Court to be nurst abroad, the unhappy infant cryed, and so discovered it self to his Grandfather, who incensed with his Childrens wickedness, commanded the innocent infant to be cast forth unto Dogges, and by one of his guard sent a sword to

Canace, as a silent remembrance of her desire, wherewith she killed her self. Yet before her death, she declares by this Epistle to Macareus, who was fled into the Temple of Apollo, her own misfortune : entreating him to gather up the child's bones, and lay them with hers in the same Urn or funeral Pitcher.

CANACE to MACAREUS.

IF blotted Letters may be understood,
Receive this Letter blotted with my blood.
My right hand holds a Pen, my left a sword,
My Paper lies before me on the board.
Thus *Canace* doth to her brother write,
This posture yields my father much delight :
Who I do wish would a spectatour be,
As he is Author of my Tragedy.
Who fiercer than winds blowing from the East,
With dry cheeks would behold my wounded breast
For since to rule the winds he hath commission,
He's of his Subjects cruel disposition.
Over the Northern and South winds he reigns ;
The winds of th' East and West winds he constrains.
And yet although the wjnds he doth command,
His sudden anger he cannot withstand.
The Kingdom of the winds he can restrain,
" But over his own vices cannot raign.
For what although my Ancestors have been
Unto the Gods and *Jupiter* a kin ?
Now in my fearful hand I hold a Sword,
That fatal gift, which must my death afford.
O Macareus, would that I had dy'd,
Before we were in close embraces ty'd,
More than a Sister ought I did affect thee,
More than a Brother ought thou didst respect me,

For

or I did feel, how Cupid with his dart
Of whom I oft had heard) did wound my heart.
My colour straightway did wax green and pale.
My stomach to my meat began to fail.
I could not sleep, the night did seem a year,
Often sigh'd, when no body did hear.
Yet why I sighed, I no cause could show;
I lov'd, and yet what love was did not know.
My old Nurse found out how my pulse did move,
And she first told me that I was in Love:
But then I blushed with a down cast look,
Which silent signs she for confession took.
At now the burthen of my swelling womb
Bew heavy, being to full ripeness come.
What herbs and medicines did not she, and I
Se, to enforce Abortive delivery,
Conceal from thee? Yet art could not prevail,
The quickned child grew strong, our Art did fail.
And now nine Moons were fully gone and past,
The tenth in her bright Chariot made great hast;
Knew not whence my sudden gripes did grow:
Or what pains belong'd to child birth did know:
I try'd out, but my Nurse my words did stay,
And stopt my mouth, as I there crying lay.
What shall I do? Gripes force me to complain:
To my Nurse, and fear of crying, out restrain.
That I did suppress my groans, and cries,
And drank the tears that flowd down from mine ey's
While thus *Lucina* did deny her aid,
Caring my fault in death should be betray'd,
You by my side most lovingly didst lie,
Caring thy hair to see my misery;
And with kind words thy Sister thou didst cherish,
Saying that two might not at one time perish.

And

And thou didst put me still in hope of life,
 Saying dear sister thou shalt be my wife.
 These words reviv'd me, when I was half dead,
 So that I presently was brought to bed.
 Thou didst rejoice, but fear did me affright,
 To hide it from my father *Æolus*'s sight.
 The careful Nurse the new born child did hide
 In Olive boughs, with swaddling vine-leaves ty'd :
 And so a solemn sacrifice did fain ;
 The people and my father believed the same.
 Being near the gate, the child that straight did cry,
 To his grandfather was betray'd thereby ;
Æolus tearing forth the child, descries
 Their cunning and pretended sacrifice.
 As the Sea trembles when light winds do blow,
 Or as an Aspen leaf shakes to and fro,
 Even so my pale and trembling limbs did make
 The bed whereon I lay begin to shake.
 He comes to me, my fault he doth proclaim,
 And he could scarce from striking me contain.
 I could do nothing else but blush and weep,
 My tongue tyed up with fear did silent keep.
 He commanded my son should be straightway
 Cast forth, and made to beasts and birds a prey.
 And then he cry'd, so that you would have thought,
 His crying had his Grandfather besought
 To pity him : what grief it was to me,
 Dear Brother, you may guess, when I did see,
 When I saw my child carryed to the wood,
 To feed the Mountain Wolves, that live by blood,
 When thus my Child unto the Woods was sent,
 My father out of my bed-chamber went.
 Then did I beat my tender breast at last,
 And tore my cheeks, his Sentence being past.

When straightway one of my Fathers Guard came in
and with a sad look did this message bring;
Judas sends this sword and doth desire
Thee use it, as thy merit doth require.
His will (quoth I) be done, I'll use his Sword,
My fathers gift shall my sad death afford.

Father, shall this sword the portion be
And dowry which you mean to give to me?

O Hymen put out thy deceived light;
And nimbly now betake thy self to fight:
Ye furies bring your smoaky Torches all,
To light the wood at my sad funeral.

O sister, may you far more happ'ly marry:
Than I, that by my own fault did miscarry.
Yet what could be my new born babes offence
Which might his Grandfather so much incense?
Of death alas he could not worthy be:
For my offence, he's punish'd for me.

O Son! thou breed'st thy mother much annoy,
No fooler bred, but beasts do thee destroy.

O Son, the pledge of my unhappy love,
One day thy day of birth and death doth prove.
I had not time t'embalm thee with my tears,
Nor in thy funeral fire to throw my Hairs;
To give thee one cold kiss I had no power,
For the wild greedy beasts did thee devour.

But I, sweet child, will straightway die with thee,
I will not long a childless Parent be.

And thou O brother, since it is in vain,
For me to hope to see thee once again;
Gather the small remainder, which the wild
And savage beasts have left of thy young child,
And with his mothers bones, let them have room,
Within one Urn, or in one narrow tomb.

Weep.

Weep at my funeral ; who can reprove thee
For shewing love to her that once did love thee ?
And here at last I do entreat thee still,
To perform thy unhappy sisters will ;
For I will kill my self without delay,
And so my fathers hard command obey.



The Argument of the twelfth Epistle.

JASON being a lusty comely young man, as soon as he arriv'd at Colchos, Medea the Daughter of Æta King of Colchos, and Hecare, fancied and entertained him; and upon promise of marriage, instructed him how he should obtain the booty he desired. Having gotten the Golden Fleece, he fled away with Medea. Her father Æta pursuing after them, she tears in pieces her brother Absyrtus's limbs, whom she had taken with her, thereby to stay her father while he gathered up his

his Sons bones. And so at length safely arriving in Thessaly, Jason
renewed his Father Aeson's age, by Medea's help, who also made
Pelias Daughters kill their Father. For pretending that she would
make him young, as she had done Aeson, she perswaded his Daugh-
ters, with a knife to let out all his Black blood, that she might
infuse new fresh blood instead thereof. His daughters having done
Pelias straightway dyed; Jason hereupon, or for some other cause, then
repudiates Medea, and marries Creusa the daughter of Creon King
of Corinth; Medea herewith enraged writes to Jason, expostula-
ting with him of ingratitude, and threatens speedy revenge, unless he
receive her again.

MEDEA to JASON.

AT that time Queen of Corinth I did reign,
When thou didst seek by my art help to gain.
I wish my thred of life which then was spun
By three sisters, had been cut and done,
Then might Medea have dy'd innocent;
My life since then hath been a punishment,
Woe's me that ere the lusty youth of Greece
Sail'd hither, for to fetch the Golden Fleece.
Would Colchos never had their Argos seen,
Would the Grecians ne'er on our shore had been;
Why was I with thy lovely brown hair took?
Or with thy tempting tongue and comely look?
Or at least when thy ship came to our shore,
Bringing thy self, with gallans many more,
I might have let thee run and found a death
By those fiery Oxen with their flaming breath.
I might have suffer'd once to sow that seed,
Whence armed men did spring up and proceed,
That the fower might by his own tillage die,
When each ear of corn did prove an enemy.

They

Jason thy had prevented then thy treachery,
and kept me both from grief and misery.

would to upbraid thy ingratitude pleases me,

Daughter this alone I can triumph o'er thee.

mighty when thy ship arrived at the shore
done *Colchos*, where it ne'er had been before ;

cause then *Medea* was beloved there

King of thee, as thy new wife's beloved here

father was as rich as hers, he reign'd

Corinth, which 'twixt two Seas is contain'd.

my father possess'd all the Land which lay

between *Pontus* and snowy *Scythia*.

father did thy *Grecians* entertain,

affording lodging to thee and thy train ;

saw thee then, then did of thee enquire,

nd then thy love did set my heart on fire ;

saw thee and that sight to love did turn,

While my heart did like a great Taper burn.

my beauty drew me to my destin'd fare,

nd thy fair eyes my eyes did captivate,

Which thou perceiv'dst, for who can love conceal ?

Whose glowing flame doth its own self reveal ;

ly father then commanded thee to yoke

those Oxen that were to the plough ne'er broke ;

or they were *Mars* his Oxen, whose horns were

harp ; and their breath did like a flame appear.

they had brass hoofs, and nostrils arm'd with brass.

lackt with the breath that through them did pass.

nd thou wert bid to sow in the large field,

hat seed which did an armed people yield.

Which sprung up, would assail thee straight again ;

hou for thy harvest such a crop shouldst gain ;

nd thy last labour was to charm asleep

the Dragon, that the Golden Fleece did keep.

When.

When *Aetes* said thus, you all straight rose,
And every one much discontentment shows.
So that you did your purple seats forsake,
And then the Table they away did take.
Great *Creon*'s Daughter thou did'st now contemn,
And *Crusas* Dowry could not help thee then.
Sadly thou didst depart, and discontent,
Yet my weeping eyes on thee still were bent,
And as thou went'st away this one word fell
In a soft murmur from thy tongue ; Farewel.
And when I went to bed, I never slept,
Wounded with Love, all night I griev'd and wept.
The fierce Bulls were always before my eyes,
And the Armed men which from the earth did rise;
And then the watchful Dragon did affright
My senses, and was still before my sight.
Thus Love and Fear, my Breast at once did trouble,
My love of thee did make my fear to double.
At last it chanced that early in the morning,
My loving Sister came and found me mourning,
And lying on my face, with all my hair
Loose spread, the pillow wet with many a tear,
She and two Sisters more did me invade,
With fair entreaties, for to help and aid
Jason and his *Thessalians*, who did want
My assistance ; my love their suit did grant.
There is a wood so dark with thick-leav'd trees,
That the bright Sun but seldom through it sees:
There doth a Chapel of *Diana*'s stand,
Whose Golden statue there was rudely fram'd.
I know not whether this place is by thee
Forgotten, as thou hast forgotten me.
We being thither come, thou then didst break
Thy mind to me, and thus began'st to speak.

When the wind stands fair, thou wilt sail away,
Now thy ships in the weedy Haven stay,
The tyme of thy departure let me know,
I'll not stay thee, if thou desir'st to go.
But yet thy Company desire some rest,
To rig, and trim thy torn ships were best.
O! if I have deserved any way,
Of thee, I beg of thee a while to stay,
Until the Sea grow calm, and till my Love
By use of time more temperate do prove,
That I may learn, by length of time to be
Valiant in suffering of adversity.
If not, to kill my self is my intent,
If to be cruel to me thou art bent.
For I do wish, thou couldst behold or see
In what sad posture I do write to thee.
One hand to write unto thee doth afford,
The other hand doth hold thy *Trojan Sword*:
And down my cheeks the trickling tears do slide
On the sword, which shall with my blood be dy'd.
It was thy fatal gift, and it may be
To send me to my Grave thou gav'st it me;
And though this first do wound my outward part,
Yet cruel Love long sence did wound my heart.
O Sister Anna, thou that counsell'd'st me
To yield to Love, shalt now my funeral see.
On th' Urn, to which my Ashes thou commit,
Elisawife to Sicheus shall be writ.
And these two Verses shall engraven be
Upon the Marble that doth cover me;
Anes did to me my death afford,
For Dido kill'd her self with his own Sword.



The Argument of the eighth Epistle.

Hermione the Daughter of Menelaus and Helena, was by Tydarus her Grand-father by the Mothers side, to whom Menelaus had committed the government of his house, while he went to Troy, betrothed to Orestes, the son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. Her father Menelaus not knowing thereof, had betrothed her to Pyrrhus the son of Achilles, who at last returning from the Trojan war stole away Hermione. But she hating Pyrrhus and loving Orestes

admonish-

admonishes him by this Letter, that she might be easily taken from Pyrrhus; and she obtained her desire. For Orestes being freed from his madness, for murdering Ægysthus and his mother, he slew Pyrrhus in Apollo's Temple, and took her again.

HERMIONE to ORESTES.

Hermione writes to him that was of late
Her Husband, now anothers wife by fate.
Pyrrhus, Achilles stout son takes delight
To keep me from thee against law and right.
I did strive with him, but my force did fail,
A womans strength could not 'gainst him prevail.
Pyrrhus, quot: I, what dost thou do? ere long
My Lord on thee will sure revenge this wrong.
But of Orestes name he would not hear,
But drag'd me home even by my loosen'd hair.
Should the barbarous foe *Lacedæmon* take,
He could but thus of me a captive make.
And conquering Greece us'd not *Andromache*,
When they set fire of *Troy*, as he us'd me.
But Orestes if thou'rt toucht with this despight,
Then fetch me back again, I am thy right.
To fetch thy stolen cattel thou wilt go,
Why then to fetch thy wife art thou so slow?
By thy Father why dost not example take,
Who by a just war did his wife fetch back?
Had he led in his Court an idle life,
Thy Mother then had been young *Paris* wife.
If thou do come, thou needst not to provide
A Fleet, or store of Souldiers beside;
Yet so I might be fetched back again,
A Husband for his Wife may war maintain.

And *Atreus* was Uncle unto either,
 So that thou art my Husband and my Brother.
 O! Husband then, and Brother help thou me,
 For these two names implore some help of thee.
 My Grand-father *Tyndarus*, grave in his life
 Deliver'd me unto thee as thy wife.
 My Father unto *Pyrrhus* promis'd me,
 But my Grand-father would dispose of me.
 When I marry'd thee, I did to none belong,
 If *Pyrrhus* marry me, he doth thee wrong.
 My Father will let us love, and enjoy,
 For he was wounded by the winged Boy,
 And will permit us to love one another,
 In the like sort as he did love my mother.
 As he my Mothers Husband was, thou art
 My Husband, *Pyrrhus* playeth *Paris* part.
 Though he boast deeds were by his Father done,
 Thy Father by his Actions fame hath won.
Achilles did for a common Souldier stand,
 But *Agamemnon* Captains did command.
Pelops, and his Father thy Ancestors were,
 Thou art but five descents from *Jupiter*.
 Nor didst thou courage want, though thou didst kill
 Thy Father, and his precious blood didst spill;
 Would thy Valour had been happier employ'd,
 Though he were unwillingly by thee destroy'd.
 For thou *Aegylthus* kill'dst unluckily,
 And didst fulfil thy hapless fate thereby.
 When *Achilles* urgeth this one fault of thine,
 And before me doth make it a great crime:
 My blushing colour, and my heart doth rise,
 And my old love revives, and glowing lies
 Within my breast, if that *Orestes* be
 By any one accused to *Hermione*.

For then I have no strength in any part;
As if a Sword were thrust into my heart,
I weep, and then my tears my anger show,
Which like two Rivers down my bosom flow.
Plenty of tears I only have, which rise,
Wetting my cheeks, from the springs of my eyes.
And this sad Fate which happens unto me,
Hath been the fortune of our Family.
I need not tell how *Jupiter* became,
To deceive us, a fair and milk-white Swan.
How *Hippodamia* in a strangers Chariot,
Over the *Hellespont* was swiftly carried.
My Mother *Helen* in *Paris* took delight,
For whom the *Grecians* ten whole years did fight.
My Grand-father, my Sister and each Brother
Began to weep for the loss of my Mother ;
And *Leda* did her earnest prayers prefer
Unto the Gods, and to her *Jupiter* ;
While I did tear my hair and to her cry'd,
Mother must I without you here abide ?
And lest that I should not be thought to be
Of *Peleus* most unhappy progeny ;
My Mother being with *Paris* gone away,
I unto *Pyrrhus* soon was made a prey.
If *Achilles* had escap'd *Apollo*'s bow,
He would have then condemn'd his Son, I know.
He knew by *Briseis* loss, which he could not brook,
That from their husbands wives should not be took.
Why are the Gods thus cruel unto me ?
What sad Star rul'd at my Nativity ?
For in my younger years I was bereft
Of my Mother, and was of my Father left,
Who went unto the wars, yet ne'ertheless,
Although they liv'd yet I was Parentless,

Nor could delight my Mot'ier, as you see
 Children will do, with stammering flattery ;
 Nor round about her neck my weak arms clap,
 While she would fondly set me on her lap.
 Nor did she teach me how to dress my head,
 Nor did she bring me to my Marriage bed.
 For when she did return (truth I'll not smother)
 I did not know her then to be my Mother.
 I knew that she was *Helen* by her beauty,
 She knew not me when as I did my duty.
 'Mongst all these miseries I must unhappy am,
 That *Orestes* for my husband I did gain.
 Yet he, alas, shall from me taken be,
 Unless he do fight for himself and me :
Pyrrhus hath took me, and doth me enjoy,
 This is all I got by the fall of *Troy*.
 Yet while the Sun with his bright rays doth shine,
 My sorrows are more gentle all that time.
 But when at night with grief I go to bed,
 And on my pillow rest my weary head ;
 The tears, when I should entertain soft sleep,
 Spring in my eyes, and I begin to weep ;
 And from my Husbands side as far off lie,
 As if he were to me an Enemy.
 Sometimes through grief forgetting where I am,
 I have toucht some part of *Pyrrhus*, and agam
 I have pluckt back my hand; for I did grutch
 That I his body with my hand should touch.
 Such was my hatred, that I did esteem
 My hands by touching him, had polluted been.
 And it doth often chance that I do call
Pyrrhus, *Orestes*, and it doth beset,
 I love my error, as a sign of luck,
 When I have thy name, for his name mistook.

By Jupiter, from whom our house did rise,
Who ruleth both the Sea, the Land, and Skies,
I pray, by thy Fathers, and thy Uncles bones,
Which do rest underneath their marble stones,
That I may presently resign my life,
Or else may be once more *Orestes* wife.

E 4

The



The Argument of the ninth Epistle.

JUPITER having joyned three nights in one, b^t got Hercules on Alcmena, in the shape of her husband Anphytrio; Eurystheus King of the Mycenians, by Juno's subtily persuades him to attempt difficult labours, so to endanger his life. Yet he by strength and policy, always got the victory; and to obtain Dejanira for his wife, Achelous a River of Ætolia, after many changes of shapes, he overthrew in the figure of a Bull; yet though he overcame many Monsters, he was overcome

overcome by Love. For Eurythus, King of Oechalia, denying him his daughter Iole, formerly promised unto him, he took his City, slew Eurythus and obtained Iole, with whose Love he was so blinded, that at her command he laid by his Lyons skin and Club, and putting on Women's cloaths, sat and spun amongst her Maids; and was as subject to her, as he had been to Omphale Queen of Lydia, on whom he begot Amus. His wife Dejanira Daughter of Oenus King of Calydon, understanding of his base and servile dotage, writes to him, and lays before him his former worthy acts, that this present disgrace by comparison with them might appear more to the life. But as she was writing she understood of Hercules's suffering, by the shirt she had sent him dipt in the blood of the Centaure Nessus, to retain him from wandring affection (for so had Nessus perswaded her, whom in passing over the River Evenus, Hercules slew with a poysn'd arrow) being much griev'd hereat, she clears herself that she did not thereby intend his destruction but the regaining of his love. And concludes with a Tragical resolution.

DE JANIRA to HERCULES.

Am glad that thou Oechalia hast won; How can I think otherwise
 For Husbands honor doth the Wife become.
 But I am sorry that a Captives beanteous look
 Should take the Conquerour, that hath her took.
 When Fame the sad report at first did bring
 To the Greek Cities on her nimble wing
 Methought this action was not of the colour
 Of those brave deeds, which shew thy glory fuller,
 Whom Juno, nor her labours ever broke,
 Iole made him yield unto her yoke.
 Eurytheus is glad, and Jupiters wife:
 To see this action blot thy fair spent life;
 Nor can I think three nights were joyn'd in one
 At thy begetting or conception.
 Venus is worse than Juno thy step-Dame,
 For by oppressing thee she rais'd thy fame.

Eur

But *Venus* makes thee basely think it meet,
To put thy humble neck beneath her feet.
The World environ'd round with the blew seas,
Was settled by thy conquering hand in peace,
By which both sea and land enjoy sweet rest.
Thy fame is spread abroad from East to West.
Hercules strength, and *Atlas*'s were even,
For *Hercules* and *Atlas* bore up Heaven.
But if with lust thy former deeds thou stain,
Thy glory turneth to thy greater shame.
In thy Cradle thou wert like unto thy Father,
When thou didst strangle two Snakes joyn'd together.
Thy Child-hood and thy Man-hood I do see,
But far unlike, and far most different be.
Thy beginning was far better than thy end,
The last act of thy life doth most offend.
Wild beasts, and enemies thou couldst overcome,
But Love the Victory over thee hath won.
Some think I am well married, because I am
Wife to great *Hercules*; that very name
Is happiness; besides my Father-in-law
Is *Jove*, whose thunder keeps the world in awe.
But I am over-matched with thee now,
Unequal Oxen awkwardly do plough,
Thy honour like a Burthen I do carry,
" She's fitly matcht, that doth her equal marry.
For *Hercules* is absent from me still;
While he fierce Monsters and wild beasts doth kill.
Thus wid owed, I offer Sacrifice,
Lest thou shouldst be slain by thy Enemies.
Methinks I see how thou dost take delight,
With Serpents, Boars and Lyons still to fight;
Strange Visions in my sleep to me appear,
And my dreams oft put me into a fear.

Sometime

sometimes I do believe the common fame,
sometimes I hope, sometimes I fear again.
Mother is from home, and doth complain,
cause her beauty did a God enflame.
thy Father is from home,
little *Hyllus* also thy young son,
I do perceive *Aurythens* hath
made thee a sacrifice to Juno's wrath.
perform labours he did thee persuade,
which done, the Goddess' wrath is not allay'd.
and to encrease my grief thou dost approve
captive Maid, who is become they love.
will not mention how thou didst daily
With *Auge* in the sweet *Parthenian Valley* ;
how the Nymph *Ormenes* was defil'd,
and wantonly by thee was got with child :
Nor will I urge it as a fault, nor ill abuse
Thou didst with *Thessius* fifty Daughters lie.
that which grieves me was thy Adultery,
which thou committedst with thy *Omphale*,
and on her didst beget a bastard son,
to whom I must a mother-in-law become.
The winding River which they call *Meander*,
Who in his turning banks about doth wander,
 hath seen when *Hercules* a fine chain wore
On those shoulders which Heavens weight once bore.
Didst thou not blush to wear a Golden twist ?
Or Bracelet made of Pearl about thy wrist ?
Or that a Golden Bracelet should contain
Thy brawny arms which hast so stoutly slain
The *Nemean Lion*, whose rough shaggy hide
Thou didst wear on thy shoulder and left side ?
Nay besides this thou didst descend to wear
A Coif, or Kerchief on thy stubborn hair.

It were more fit thy Temples had been crown'd
 With victorious wreaths, then with a fillet bound,
 Yet as thou wert some young Girl, thou hast
 Worn *Omphale's* girdle round about thy waft.
 Thou thought'st not of the fiery *Diomede* as then,
 Who fed his horses with the flesh of men.
 Had *Busiris* seen thee drest thus, he would be
 Asham'd that he had been o'recome by thee.
Anteus may knock off his bolts and chain,
 And set his neck at liberty again.
 For what captive is there with patience can
 Suffer under such an effeminate man?
 Besides, among the *Grecian Maids* ('tis said)
 That thou didst sit, and spin, and wert afraid
 Lest thy Mistress *Omphale*, when she espi'd thee
 Idle by chance, should frown on thee, and chide thee.
 And thy victorious hands did not then scorn
 To spin, which once such labours did perform.
 For thou didst draw the thred, with thy huge thumb,
 And gav'st account at night what thou hadst spun.
 Sometimes as thou sat'st spinning, thou hast broke
 With boisterous handling, both thy weel and rock :
 And like a poor unhappy wretch, 'tis said,
 That of thy mistress thou wert so afraid,
 That if she chid thee, thou wouldest trembling stand,
 For fear of swadling with a Holly wand,
 And to win favour thou wouldest often tell
 Of thy labours, which thou ought'st to conceal ;
 Discoursing unto her how thou hadst won
 Much honor by those deeds which thou hadst done ;
 How in thy child-hood thou didst boldly tear
 The *Hydra's* speckled jaws which hideous were ;
 How thou didst kill the *Erymanthian Boar*,
 Which on the ground lay weltring in his goat.

then of *Diomedes* didst relate,
Thou nail'd the heads of men upon his gate,
And his pamper'd Horses with their flesh,
Thou didst his cruelty suppreſſe;
How thou hadſt the Monſter *Cacus* slain,
Kept his flockes upon the hills of *Spain*:
Of three-headed *Cerberus* thou didſt tell,
By his ſnaky hair thou drag'dſt from hell;
How the *Hydra* by thy hand was slain,
Her heads being lopt off would grow forth again;
Of *Anteus*, whom thou cruſht to death
Betwix thy arms, and didſt squeeze out his breath.
How the *Centaures* thou subdu'dſt by force
They were half men, and half like to a horse.
When thou wert in ſoft filken robes array'd,
Tell these ſtories wert thou not diſmay'd?
Wilt thou think whilſt thou didſt thy labours tell,
At a woman's habit did become the well?
While *Omphale* hath took thy Lyons skin
From thee, and dreſt her ſelf therein,
Boaſt now of thy valour it is vain,
Omphale in thy stead plays the man:
She in valour doth exceed thee far,
For ſhe hath conquered the Conqueror;
By ſubjeſting thee, ſhe now hath won
A glory, which did unto thee belong.
Shame to think! the ſkin which thou didſt tear
From the Lyons ribs, thy *Omphale* doth wear;
Thou art deceiv'd, 'tis not the Lyons ſpoil;
Thou foildſt the Lyon, ſhe thy ſelf doth foil;
And ſhe that only knoweth how to spin,
Wear thy Weapons also doth begin.
And takes thy conqueſting Club into her hand,
Afterwards before her glaſs will stand,

Viewing her self, to see what she hath done,
If that her Husbands weapons her become.
I could not believe, when I heard it said,
The sad report unto my heart convey'd
Much grief ; but now my wretched eyes beheld
The Harlot *Iole*, that thy courage quell'd.
Such are my wrongs, that I must needs reveal
My grief, and sorrow I cannot conceal.
Thou broughtst her through the City in despight,
Because I should behold the hated sight ;
Not like a Captive, with her hair unbound,
And a dejected look fixt on the ground ;
But of rich cloath of Gold her garments were,
Such as thy self in *Pbrygia* did wear ;
She in her passage graciously did look
On the people as if she had *Hercules* took ;
As if her Father liv'd and did command
Oechalia, which was rased by thy hand.
Deianira it may be thou wilt forsake,
And of thy former whore a wife wilt make ;
So that *Hymen* sha'l joyn both the heart and hands
Of *Hercules* and *Iole* in his bands.
When in my mind these passages I behold,
My hands and limbs with fear grow stiff and cold.
In me thou formerly didst take delight,
And for my sake two several times didst fight ;
Plucking off *Achelous* horns, who after
Hid his head in his own muddy water.
And *Nessus* was slain by the poison'd head
Of thy arrow, whose blood dy'd the River red.
But O alas ! I heard abroad by fame,
Thou art tormented with much grief and pain,
By the shirt dipt in his blood, which I sent thee,
But yet indeed no harm at all I meant thee.

it be so, then what am I become ?
It is it that my furious love hath done ;
Deianira straight resolve to die,
End at once thy grief and misery.
Did this same poison'd shirt tear off his skin ?
Wilt thou live that hath the causer bin
All his torment ? No, though not my life,
Death shall shew that I was *Hercules's* Wife.
Meleager, I will shew thereby
Myself thy Sister, I'm resolv'd to die.
Unhappy fate ! *Oeneus* royal throne
My Father who is very aged grown)
Hath *Tydeus* in foreign land
With wander still, and in the fatal brand
Meleager perished, and my mother kill'd
Herself, and with her hand her own blood spill'd.
Then why doth *Deianira* doubt to die,
Also conclude this wicked tragedy ?
Let this one suit to thee I only move ;
And beg this of thee for our former love ;
That thou wouldst not believe nor think I meant
To procure thy death, by that gift I sent.
When the cruel *Centaur* bleeding lay
With thy arrow in his breast, he then did say,
His blood if thou the vertue of it prove,
Will cause affection, and procure true love,
Now his treachery I have understood ;
I dipt a shirt into his poison'd blood :
And sent it, which hath caused thy misery ;
Deianira straight resolve to die.
Farewell my Father, *George* too farewell,
Farewell my Brother and Country where I dwell.
I do bid farewell to the day-light,
Which my eyes shall never more have sight.

*Farewel to Hyllus my young little son,
Farewel my Husband. Death, I come, I come.*

MINOS the son of Jupiter and Europa, because the Athenians had treacherously slain his son Androgeus, enforced them by a sharp war to send him every year as a tribute, seven young Men, and as many young Virgins to be devoured by the Minotaure, which by Da-

My life and fortunes are at thy command,
 My life and death are both within thy hand.
 You may let me perish if so be you will,
 But 'tis more noble to preserve than kill.
 Then by my present sorrows I entreat,
 Which you can ease, if you the word would speak.
 By thy kindred, and uncle *Phœbus* who
 Sees all things that on earth we mortals do,
 By Diana's tripple-face, and sacred rites,
 And Gods wherein this Nation delights.
 O Virgin have some pity at this time
 On me, and make me so forever thine,
 And though I cannot hope the Gods should be
 So kind and favourable unto me;
 Yet if you would be pleased now to take
 A *Tessalian*, and him a Husband make,
 Then I do promise I will faithful be,
 And vow that I will marry none but thee.
 Let *Juno* be a witness to my vow,
 And *Diana* in whose Temple we are now.
 You took'st me by the hand, whose words of thine
 Maidens fancy did straightway incline.
 Such thy language was, as soon did move,
 Honest heart to enterrain my love.
 Thy deceitful tears I was betray'd,
 Or they had power to betray a Maid.
 So that the Bulls, whose breath like flames did smoke,
 Taught thee how to tame, and how to yoke,
 And thou didst sow the Dragons teeth for feed
 Hence arm'd men did spring up and proceed.
 That did give thee those securing charms,
 Pale to see those new sprung men in arms.
 Then straight those earth-bred brethren there in sight,
 Slay each other in a bloody fight.

The watchful Dragon now the Earth did sweep,
 While he upon his scaly breast did creep.
 Where was the Dowry of thy Royal Wife?
 Or King of Corinth? could they lave thy Life?
 No it was I, that now am thus rejected,
 And as a poor Enchantress disrespected.
 I charm'd the Dragons flaming eyes a sleep,
 That thou might'st get the Fleece which he did keep.
 My Father I betray'd, and I forsook
 My Country, and with thee a Voyage took.
 Though my Life a sad banishment should be,
 I was content to wander still with thee.
 Thou of my Maiden-head didst me deceive,
 Who my Mother and my Sister both did leave.
 Yet I left not my Brother; at that name,
 Methinks my Pen stands still for very shame;
 I fear to write that, which I did not fear
 To do, 'twas I that did in pieces tear
 Thy scattered Limbs, and when I had done so,
 Guilty of thy blood, unto Sea did go.
 And would the Gods had drown'd us in the Sea,
 Thou for deceit, I for crudelity.
 I would our Ship, as it along had past,
 Our joyned bodies on some rock had dasht.
 Or breaking *Scylla* had devoured us then,
Scylla should punish such ungrateful men.
 I wish *Charybdis* had then pleased been,
 With his round whirling waves to have suckt us in.
 But thou in safety art to *Bessaly* come,
 Offering the Golden Fleece which thou hast won,
 Unto the Gods. What should I mention
Pelias Daughters, whose intention
 I wrong'd, and made their Virgin hands to kill
 Their aged Father, and his blood to spill?

Thou

Though others blame me, thou must praise me needs,
 Since from my love of thee my guilt proceeds.
 Yet thou hast cast me off now ne'ertheless,
 O, I want words, that may my grief express!
 When thou didst bid me go, I did obey
 Thy cruel doom, and forthwith went away
 With my two Children, forthwith west I gone,
 And love, which always bears me company,
 But when I did of thy late Marriage hear,
 Where Hymens Torches burned bright and clear;
 And that new Musick, with new Marriage songs
 Proclaims your wedding, and thy unkind wrongs;
 Ise'r'd, and yet could no the news believe,
 Yet a sad coldness to my breast did cleave.
 But when I heard them unto Hymen cry,
 The more they cry'd, more was my misery.
 My Servants wept, and yet they hid their tears,
 To bring this sad news to me each one fears.
 And I do wish I had not known it still,
 But yet my mind did prophesie some ill.
 When my young Son, desirous for to see
 Some Novelty, as children use to be,
 Standing at the door, did begin to cry,
 Come Mother see my Father passing by:
 My Father Jason, who in pomp doth ride
 In his Chariot, with his new Married Bride;
 Then I did beat my Breast, my Cloths I rent,
 To tear my Cheeks my Fingers then were bent.
 My mind did urge me to revenge my wrong,
 And thrust my self among the Bridal throng.
 And having snatcht the Garland from thy head,
 My arms about thy middle to have spread,
 And took possession of thee at that time,
 And to the people ery'd aloud, He's mine.

Father rejoice, *Colchians* now be glad,
My brother's ghost hath these infernals had,
For now I am forsaken, left, and crost,
My Country, Houfe, and Kingdom I have lost :
Nay I have lost my Husband too, and he
Was a Kingdom of contentment unto me.
I that both Dragons and wild Bulls could tame,
Yet by one man am conquered again.
I that could quench hot fire with learned charms,
Can't quench the fire of Love which my breast warms :
My charms and Art, and Potions do deceive me,
And *Hecates* witchcraft cannot now relieve me.
Methinks that I do hate the days for light,
And sorrow makes me lie awake all night,
And seldom is my miserable breast
With any quiet gentle sleep refresht.
I made the Dragon fast asleep to fall,
But Art hath on my self no power at all.
A whore embraces him whom I preserv'd,
She reaps the fruit of that, which I deserv'd.
And perhaps, whilst thou striv'st to please the ear
Of thy Bride, who thy boasting tales doth hear
With admiration, thou dost then disgrace
Either my behaviour, or homely face.
While out of foolish pride she laughs at me,
And doth rejoice at my deformity.
Let her laugh and lie down upon her quilt,
She shall weep, when she hath my anger felt,
Medea will by Sword, or poison be
Revenged on her hated Enemy.
But if unto my prayers thou wouldst attend,
Unto entreaties I would now descend.
I will a suppliant become to thee,
Even at thy feet, as thou hast been to me.

If thou wilt not pity me, for my own sake,
Yet on my children some compassion take.
Their step-mother will most unkindly use them,
Nay and perhaps most cruelly abuse them.
For they too much alas resemble thee,
In them thy living Picture I can see.
And since they are of thee a living Type,
When I behold them, I am weeping ripe.
Intreat thee by the Gods and the Sun
My Uncle, and by that which I have done
For thy sake, and by my two Children dear,
Which the pledges of our true affection were ;
Return to my Bed, who left all for thee,
So constant as thou didst promise to me.
Against fierce Bulls thy aid I do not seek,
Or to charm the watchful Dragon fast asleep.
Thee I desire, whom I deserved have
By Children had by thee, thee I do crave.
If thou desir'st a Dowry, I did yield
A Dowry, that was told out in the field,
Which I did make thee plow, while thou didst stay
Only to bear the Golden Fleece away.
My Dowry was the Golden Ram, which had
The Golden Fleece, and was so richly clad.
This was my Dowry, and should I ask thee
To restore it back, thou wouldst deny it me.
My Dowry was the preserving thy self,
Can Creon's Daughter bring thee so much wealth?
That thou dost live and hast another Bride,
It was my gift, else thou hadst surely dy'd :
And it was I, that gave the life to be
Thus thankless, and ungrateful unto me.
I will revenge ; yet what doth it pertain
Unto revenge, if I my wrath proclaim?

And tell what punishments on you shall light?
 "The closest anger doth most deadly strike.
 I'll follow as my rage doth lead me on,
 Though I repent the act when it is done:
 For I repent that I should ere preserve
 A man that doth so ill of me deserve,
 The winged God hath seen from the blew sky
 My wrongs my sorrows, and my injury;
 And with a rage he hath inspir'd my heart
 To plot, and act ere long some Tragick part.

To thy giftes that pay me Cunnesse gree
 Whiche the blythe of our raze engaygion mete
 Betwix the yonge and the yonge, who lef the yere
 Of confusyon in thys world, to me
 Amongst them that I bin I do not looke
 To oþer thinge than to have a goodly place
 Where I dwelle, wher I doves have place.

Upon delyff a Powry I did abyde
 A Powry, where warldowm am I
 Wher I bin I dwelle, where I doves have place.

Upon delyff a Powry I did abyde
 A Powry, where warldowm am I
 Wher I bin I dwelle, where I doves have place.

Upon delyff a Powry I did abyde
 A Powry, where warldowm am I
 Wher I bin I dwelle, where I doves have place.



The Argument of the thirteenth Epistle.

Protesilaus the son of Iphiclus sailing, as Homer reports, with forty ships to Troy, was shut up with the rest of the Greeks, in Aulis a Haven of Eetonia, which when his Wife Laodamia, the Daughter of Acastus and Laodamhea understood, she dearly loving her Husband, and being troubled much with dreams, writ this Epistle unto him; and admonish him to remember the Oracle, and abstain

from the wars. For the Oracle had given this answer to the Grecians, that he should perish, that first went a shore, and set foot upon the Trojan ground: But courageous Protesilaus was the first that landed and was slain by Hector.

LAODAMIA to PROTESILAUS.

Laodamia doth to thee send health,
Wishing that she might come to thee her self.
I hear that thou in Aulis art wind-bound,
Would I had of the wind such favour found,
To resist thy going hence, and hinder it,
Then for the Sea to grow rough it was fit.
Then had I kissed thine oftner, and at large
Had spoken more and given thee thy charge.
But when the wind stood fair, thou couldst not stay,
For it did drive thy swelling sails away.
Thy Mariners had what they did require,
It was not I, that did this wind desire.
The wind that for the Mariners stood fair,
Stood cross for thee and I that lovers were;
And me from *Protesilaus* did divide,
While we were both in sweet embraces ty'd.
My broken words short of my meaning fell,
I scarce had time to speak this word, farewell.
For the North wind thy hollow sails did stretch,
And from me did *Protesilaus* fetch.
I lookt as long as I thy ship could see,
And I did send a long look after thee.
When thou wert out of sight, yet I could see
Thy ship, and to behold it pleased me:
But when both thou, and thy swift sailing ship,
Out of my sight did both together slip,
A sudden darkness in my eyes I found,
And presently I fell down in a wound;

So that my Mother and old *Acastus* too,
Although much diligence they both did show,
Could fetch me back to life, although at last,
Cold water they into my Face did cast.
There needless love was thus express'd, but I
Am sorry that they did not let me die :
For when my senses did return again,
My love returned too with a new flame ;
And chaste affection could not spare my Breast :
Those who do love, must never hope to rest.
Now I took no delight to dress my hair,
Nor to wear rich apparel took I care,
And as those women *Bacchus* hath inspir'd
With a touch of his Vnny-staff, and fir'd
Their bosoms that they run, now here, now there ;
Such did I in my furious rage appear.
The talking wives of *Phylace* did come
To comfort me, and thus their speech begun.
Laodamia courage take, put on
Such Royal-Robes as may your Birth become.
As shall I in purple robes delight,
While that my Husband at *Troy's* wall doth fight ?
Shall I my hair in curious manner dress,
While a weighty Helmet doth his hair press ?
Shall I in new apparel gay appear,
While my Lord doth a Coat of Armour wear ?
While thou art at the wars, like one forlorn
In careles habit I at home will mourn :
O *Paris*, thou that wast born to destroy
With thy fresh beauty the old City *Troy*,
If thou wert a wanton guest, mayst thou be
A coward, and a milk-sop enemy.
Would *Helena* had not unto thee seem'd
So fair, nor she thy beauty so esteem'd,

O Menelaus, thou with earnest strife
 Do'st labour to regain again thy wife.
 Woe's me I fear thy sad revenge will make
 Many eyes weep, and many hearts to ake,
 The Gods from all ill-fortune us defend,
 That my returning Husband may commend
 His arms to Jupiter: but when I muse,
 Or think upon the Wars, I cannot chuse
 But weep, and down my cheeks the tears do run,
 Like Snow when it is melted by the Sun.
 When of *Ilium* or *Tenedos* I hear,
 Those names do put me in a sudden fear.
 When of *Simois* and *Xanthus* I have heard,
 Or *Ida*, these strange names make me afear'd.
 Nor had *Paris* stoln *Helen*, if at length
 He meant to resign her, he knew his strength.
 For she did come in Royal Robes of Gold,
 Adorn'd with Jewels, glorious to behold.
 And with a warlike Fleet to *Troy* she came,
 The *Trojans* shew'd their great strength by her train.
 And as *Helen* was fetched by this fleet,
 So I fear it should with the *Grecians* meet.
 There is one *Hector* of whom I do hear,
 A valiant man, and him I greatly fear.
 For *Paris* said that *Hector* should affright
 The *Grecians*, and begin the bloody fight.
 If I be she whom thou dost love most dear,
 Take heed of *Hector*, him I only fear,
 His name doth fill my thoughts with much unrest,
 And is engrav'd upon my troubled breast.
 And as thou shunest him, so also shun
 Others, for many *Hectors* thither come.
 And as oft as thou dost prepare to fight,
 Say to thy self these words which I do write:

Laodamia

Lilia charg'd me care to take,
keep my self from danger for her sake.

Grecians raze Troy on the Ground,
if thou come from the siege with ne'er a wound.

Menelaus with the Trojans fight,
take from Paris Helena, his right;
when he chargeth on the enemy,
his good cause give him the victory.

Moves Menelaus with stout blows
fetch his wife from the insulting foes;
thy case unto his is far unlike,
therefore I do wish thee so to fight;

when the wars are done thou may'st return,
in my loving bosom lie full warm.

Trojans I entreat you to spare one
althose Enemies against you come;
every drop of Blood that doth proceed
in his veins from my veins doth also bleed.

Menelaus no strong blows can strike
th his drawn Swords, nor stand the push of Pike

Menelaus fight whom rage doth move,
others fight, let Prosternans love.

I must needs confess I had a mind
have called him back, but no strength could find,
my tongue stop'd; before the words were spoken,
my speech broke off, which was but a bad token,
at the threshold of my Fathers gate
foot did stumble, and did trip thereat,
which hath been always counted for a sign,
whereby we may of some ill luck divine.
such when I did behold I was afraid,
thus unto my self in secret said:
the stumbling of his foot shall be
my Husband shall return to me,

Thele

These things unto thee I do now relate,
 That I thy courage may thereby abate.
 And I do wish, that I at last may find
 The fears are vain, which now molest my mind.
 Besides the *Oracles* say, he who shall
 Land first upon the *Trojan* ground, shall fall
 First by the sword, unhappy sure is she
 That by the wars shall the first widow be.
 Heaven defend thee, that thou may'st not shew
 Thy valour, lest thy valour I do rue,
 Let thy ship be the last to shore doth stand,
 Let thy ship be the last doth come to Land.
 Of all that goes, on shore be thou the last,
 Unto thy fathers Land do thou not hast.
 But when thou comest back, then do not fail
 To use thy Oars, and clap on all thy sail.
 Then make thou hast to come out of thy ship,
 And on the weleome shore most nimblly skip.
 When *Phæbus* lyeth hid or shines most bright,
 I think upon thee both by day and night.
 Yet more on thee by night, then day, for night
 Is the sweet time, that yieldeth Maids delight.
 For then they lie within their sweet-hearts arm;
 Who with their close embraces keep them warm;
 While in my widows bed I lie at leisure,
 Wanting true joy, I think on former pleasure.
 And then a dream doth yield me some delight,
 Sometimes again my dreams do me affright.
 Methinks I see thee with a visage pale,
 Telling to me a sad and mournful tale.
 Then waking out of my black dream, I rise,
 And for thy safety offer sacrifice
 With Frankincense, which I with tears bedew,
 So that in burning, it doth brighter shew.

As when we pour oyl on a dying flame,
It doth begin to rife and blaze again.
O when will that most happy seafon come,
That I shall embrace thee at coming home ;
With such a sweet excess of joy, till I
anguish with pleasure, and embracing die.
When wilt thou tell me, when we are in bed,
How many thou in wars hast conquered ;
And in the midst of thy sweet story leave,
To kiss me, and a kiss from me receive ;
While that a kiss is the full point to stay
Thy speech, refreshed by this sweet delay.
But when I think of *Troy*, the seas and wind,
Then fear doth drive all hope out of my mind.
And I do fear, because thy ships are stay'd
By winds, as if to stay thee they assay'd.
Who will fail with cross wind to his own **Land** ?
Thou from thy Country sail'st, when winds withstand.
Neptune will not permit you for to come
Unto his City, and therefore come home.
Spare going (*Grecians*) the winds do forbid,
And some divine power in the wind is hid.
By these wars you seek only to regain
An adulteress, O turn your ships again.
But why should I recal thee back thus now,
Let calm winds smooth again the Seas rough brow :
I envy now the *Trojan* Dames, who shall
With grief behold their husbands funeral.
On her husbands head the new married **Bride**
Shall put a Helmet, and when she hath ty'd
His armor close unto him, and doth make
Him ready, she a kiss from him shall take.
Such dutiful imployment is a bliss,
Her service is rewarded with a kiss.

And

And being arm'd compleatly, then at large
She may give to him a most loving charge:
Charging him as he tendereth her love,
To return and offer his arms to *Jove*.
And he obeying her command will be
Careful to fight abroad more warily.
And when he cometh home, she will unlace
His Helmet, and him in her arms imbrace,
To me in absence, fear doth sorrow bring,
And I conceive the worst of every thing.
Yet while that thou unto the wars are gone,
I have a Picture made in wax at home,
And fondly unto it I often talk,
And do embrace it, as by it I walk.
Thy shape in it so lively doth appear,
Could it speak, it *Protesilaus* were.
On it I look and often it behold,
And for thy sake do in my arms enfold;
And to thy Picture often I complain,
As if thy Picture could reply again.
By thee in whom my Soul alone delights,
By our true love and equal marriage rites;
And by thy life which I do wish you may
Ering back, although thy hair be turned gray:
I vow if thou pleaseft to send to me,
I will obey and straightway come to thee,
For whether thou dost chance to live or die,
In Life or Death I'll bear the company.
Of my Letter this shall the conclusion be,
Take care of thy self if thou car'st for me.



The Argument of the fourteenth Epistle.

Danaus the Son of Belus, had by several Wives fifty Daughters; unto whom his Brother Ægyptus desired to marry his fifty Sons, but Danaus having been informed by the Oracle, that he should dye by the hands of a Son-in-Law, to avoid that danger he fled his ship, and sails to Argos; Ægyptus being angry because he had despised his offer, sent his Sons with an Army to besiege him, enjoining them not to return until they had slain Danaus, or married

ryed his Daughters. He enforced by siege yieldeth up his Daughters who with the Sword which their Father had given them, according to his command, at night, when the young men warm'd with wine and jollity were fallen fast a sleep, every one killed her husband except Hypermnestra only, who out of Compassion spared and preserved her husband Linus, whom Eusebeus call'd Linceus: advised him to return to his father Egyptus and discover the conspiracy. But her Father Danaus perceiving that all his Daughters had execrated his will with bloody obedience, excepting Hypermnestra, commanded her to be kept in Prison. Whereupon in this Epistle she treats her Uncle and Husband Linus, whom she had preserved, ther to help her, and free her from her Captivity, or if she died to be honourably buried. But at last Linus killed Danaus, and set her at liberty.

HYPERMNESTRA to LINUS.

HYPERMNESTRA sends to thee who dost remain
Of many brothers by their own Wives slain.
I for thy sake am in close Prison pent,,
And for saving thee do endure punishment.
I am guilty because I did spare thy blood,
“A prosperous wickedness is counted good.
Yet I repent not, since that I had rather
Keep my Father from blood, than please my Father,
Though my Father in that sacred fire may
Burn me, which we toucht on our wedding day,
Or with those Torchies he may burn my face,
Which on our wedding day did brightly blaze.
Or although he do kill me with that sword,
Because to kill thee I could not afford.
He shall not make me say that I repent
Of a good work, it is not my intent:
I am griev'd for my sisters cruel fact,
“For sad repentance follows a bad act.

The sad remembrance of that bloody night :
Makes my heart and hand tremble while I write.
My Husband could not by my hand have dy'd,
Which shakes, while I this murder would describe.

Yet I will try, it was about twilight ;
Which endeth day, and doth begin the night,
When as we fifty Sisters were brought all
With Royal state into the Castle-hall.

Whereas *Ægyptus*, without dread or fear,
Received us for Daughters, who arrived were.
The flaming Tapers shin'd like stars in Heaven,
And sweet incense unto the fire was given.

The common people did on *Hymen* cry,
But from this fatal marriage he did fly ;
And *Juno* did from her own City run,
Fair *Argos*, that she might this wedding shun,
And the young mens drunken heads were bound
About with flowers, and with Garlands crown'd.
The Bridemen with great joy dreading no danger,
Did bring them to their fatal Bridal chamber,
And laid their heavy bodies on the bed,
On which they were like funeral Hearses spread.

They being now with wine and sleep opprest ;
And all the City quiet and at rest,

We thoughts the groans of dying men I heard,
Also it was, whereat I grew afeard :

So that my warm blood and my colour fled,
And left my Body cold upon the bed.

As soft and gentle western winds do make
The Corn to move and Aspen leaves to shake :
So I trembled, while thou laid'st at that time
Suranc'd with drinking sleep-procuring wine.
Thinking to obey my Fathers sad command
Set up, and took the sword in my hand ;

The truth I speak, three times I rais'd the sword
To strike, and yet to strike my hand abhor'd.
My Fathers command did my courage whet ;
So that his Sword unto thy throat I set,
But fear and love would not let me proceed,
My chaste hand would not act that tragick deed :
Then off my hair I tore the flaxen wealth,
And softly thus did reason with my self :
Hypermnestra, thou hast a cruel Father,
Therefore obey his commands the rather,
Take courage, and obey thy Fathers will,
And boldly with the rest thy Husband kill.
Yet since I am a young maid, my hands be
Unfit to act a bloody Tragedy.
Yet imitate thy Sisters now again,
Who have by this time all their Husbands slain :
Yet if this hand a murder could commit,
To stain it with my own blood it were fit.
Do they deserve death, because they possess
Our Father's Kingdom ; which yet ne'ertheless
Some strangers might from him away have carried,
As Dowries given them when we were married ?
Though they deserve death, what shall we do less,
If we commit this deed of wickedness ?
Maids do not love a sword, or killing tools,
My fingers fitter are to spin soft wooll.
Having thus complain'd, my tears began to rise,
And dropped on thy body from my eyes.
And while thy arms about me thou didst put,
Thy hand thou with the sword hadst almost cut.
And least my Father should surprize and take thee,
With these words I did suddenly awake thee.
Rise *Linus* who dost now alone survive,
Of all thy brethren none are left alive ;

Ife hast, I say, betake thy self to flight,
 Ife hast, or else thou wilt be slain to night.
 Wok'd from sleep, thou didst amazed stand,
 Take the glittering sword shine in my hand:
 I did wish thee for to fly away
 Right, and save thy self while I did stay.
 The morning when *Danaus* came to view
 Sons, which his most bloody Daughters slew,
 Saw them laid in death's eternal slumber,
 One was wanting to make up the number,
 Angry, that so little blood was spill'd,
 Came that I my Husband had not kill'd
 Father without any love or care,
 And me along even by my flaxen hair,
 Straightway did command I should be cast
 In Prison, this was my reward at last.
 Juno still on us doth bend her brow,
 Io was transform'd into a Cow,
 A punishment enough by her was born,
 Juno did her to a Cow transform.
 Then she that was so fair could not in height
 Pleasure yield great Jupiter delight,
 The bank of the River *Inachus* now
 Stood, cloath'd in the shape of a white Cow,
 While in her Fathers stream both clear and cold,
 The shadow of her horns she did behold,
 Low'd aloud, when she to speak assay'd
 Her shape and voice did make her both afraid.
 Why dost thou fly from thy own self, alas,
 Admire thy shape in that watry glass?
 Juno that was great Jupiter's chief Lass,
 Before'd to feed on dry leaves and grass,
 You drink'st spring-water, and art in amaze
 When on thy shadow thou dost look and gaze.

And of those spreading horns which thou dost bear
Upon thy head, thou seem'st to stand in fear;
And she whose beauty *Jupiter* did wound,
Now lieth every night on the bare ground.
O'er hills and rivers thou abroad dost stray,
O'er seas and countries thou dost find thy way.
And yet O Io thou canst not escape,
Or changing places, change thy outward shape.
What haſte? thy ſelf thou follow'st and doſt fly,
Thy ſelf doth always bear thee company;
Where *Nilus* ſeven streams to the ſea do run,
There ſhe unto her former shape did come.
But why ſhould I ſuch ancient tales relate;
I have cauſe to complain of my own ſire.
My Father and my Uncle do wage war,
And we out of our Kingdom baniftiſt are;
And he our Royal Scepter now doth ſway,
While miſerable we like pilgrims ſtay;
Of fifty Brethren thou alone art left,
For their deaſts, and my ſisters I have wept.
My Sisters and my Brothers both ſlain were,
For whose ſakes, I can't chafe but ſhed a tear.
And because thou in ſafety doſt survive,
To be tormented I am kept alive.
What punishment ſhall they expect that be
Guilty, when they for goodness condemn me?
And I muſt die, because I would not ſpill
My husbands blood, and cruelly him kill?
If therefore thou reſpecteft me thy wife,
Or lovet me, because I ſav'd thy life;
Help me, or if I die, I thee desire,
To lay my body on the funeral fire.
Embalm my bones with thy moist tears, and then
See that thou carefully do bury them.

And let this Epitaph be engraved on
My Sepulchre or on my Marble stone :
Hypernestra here underneath doth ly ;
That was ill rewarded for her piety ;
For she most like unto a faithful wife,
Did lose her own to save her husbands life.
My trembling hand is tired with the weight
Of Chains, or else I would more largely write.

H 3

The



The Argument of the fifteenth Epistle.

Paris, otherwise called Alexander, sailing to Lacedæmon to fetch Helena, which Venus had promised him, was honourably received by Menelaus, but Menelaus and Minos kindred going to Greece, divide Atreus his wealth, left Paris at home, charging his Wife to honour him with as much respect as himself. But Paris improving the opportunity, began to woo and court Helena to gain her love. In this Epistle he artificially discovers his affection, and with amorous braffes endeavours

endeavours to insinuate into her affection. And because he knew that women love to hear their birth and beauty praised, Paris endeavours by flattery to gain her favor, urging her praises, and striving to disgrace her husband. And at last persuades her to go with him to Troy, where he would keep her by force.

PARIS to HELENA.

Paris, sweet Helena, wisheth health to thee,
That health, which you can only give to me.
Shall I speak, or need not I my flame reveal?
You know I love you, nor can I conceal
My love, which I could wish might hidden be,
Till time did give thee opportunity
Without all fear most freely to discover
My self to be your faithful constant Lover.
But yet who can the fire of Love conceal?
Which by its own light doth it self reveal.
Yet if thou look'st that I my grief should name,
Then know I love thee, these lines shew my flame,
And I intreat you to have pity on me,
Because my present sufferings proceed from thee.
With a frowning countenance read not the rest,
But such as may become thy beauty best,
The receipt of thy Letters joyeth me,
And cherish hope that I at last shall be
Receiv'd into thy favour, which I wish,
That Venus may her promise keep in this.
For loves fair Mother first persuaded me,
To take this journey, in hope to gain thee;
And lest thou shouldst through ignorance offend,
By divine appointment I came to this end.
Venus persuaded me to undertake
This journey, which she would propitious make.

For since that *Venus* promis'd me, that you
Should be my wife, I challenge it as due.
For her persuasions made me to take ship
From *Troy*, and unto *Lacedemon* skip.
And she did make the winds most fair to stand,
She that's sprung from the Sea might it command,
And as she smooth'd the Sea, and calm'd the wind,
So may she make thy breast most soft and kind.
I did not find love here, I brought the flame
With me, and to obtain thy love I came.
By wandring storms I was not hither drove,
My Ship was guided hither by true love.
Nor came I hither like a Merchant-man,
I have wealth enough, the Gods it maintain.
Nor yet the *Grecian* Cities here to view,
For richer in my Kingdom I can shew.
'Tis thee I ask, 'Tis thee I only crave,
Whom *Venus* promis'd me that I should have.
I askt thee of her when I did not know thee,
She promis'd that she would on me bestow thee,
For of thy beauty I had heard by fame,
Before my eyes had e'er beheld the same,
Yet 'tis no wonder, if that *Cupid's* Bow,
With feathered arrows makes me cry *Amen*:
Since by unchanged fate it's so ordain'd,
Then do not thou their hidden will withstand.
And that you may believe it is my fate,
Receive the truth, which I will here relate.
When that my Mother was with child of me,
And daily did expect delivery,
She dreamt, for in her dream it so did seem,
That of a fire-brand she had deliver'd been.
She rises, and to *Priam* doth unfold
Her dream, which he unto the Prophets told.

Who straight foretold that *Paris* should destroy
And like a kindled brand set fire on *Troy*.
But I do think they rather might divine,
That brand did signify this love of mine,
And though I like a Shepherds son was bred,
My shape, and spirit soon discovered,
That I had not been born the son of earth,
But that I claim'd Nobility by birth.
In the *Troy* valleys there's a place.

Which many trees with a cold shade do grace,
Wherein no Sheep do feed nor any Ox,
Nor Goats, that love to climb upon high Rocks.
Here looking towards *Troy*, and to the Sea,
I stood and lean'd my self against a tree.

The truth I tell, methoughts the earth then shook,
As if oppressed with some heavy foot,
And presently swift *Mercury* from the skies,
Descended down and stood before my eyes.
And therefore what I saw I may unfold,

The God had in his hand a rod of Gold.

And three Goddesses, *Venus*, *Juno*, *Pallas*,
Did set their tender Feet upon the Grafs,
Then cold amazement stiffned my long Hair,
But winged *Mercury* bid me not to fear.

"Thou art, says he, chosen to judge and end
"The matter, 'twixt these Goddesses, who contend
"About their beauty, say they, which shall be
"Accounted the most beautiful of three.

"This Message I from *Jupiter* do bring,
Which having said, he from the earth did spring,
And through the air did a quick passage make.
And by his words I did more courage take,
So that my mind more fortifyed grew,
And dreadless I each one of them did view,

W
who

Who unto me so beautiful did appear,
I could not judge which of them fairest were,
Yet one of them my fancy did approve,
Her beauty shew'd she was the Queen of Love.
But they contending which should fairest be,
Did all with most rich gifts sollicite me.
Juno did fairly promise I should be,
A mighty Monarch, *Pallas*, promis'd me
Learning, so that a doubt did now arise,
Whether I would chuse to be great or wise.
But *Venus* smiling then, *Paris*, says she,
Those gifts of theirs but glorious troubles be,
I'll give thee *Helena*, thou shalt hereafter
In thy arms embrace *Leda*'s fair Daughter.
Thus both her gift and beauty conquer'd me,
So that to her I gave the victory.
And afterward my fate so kind was grown,
That now to be the Kings Son I was known,
At my instalment all the Courts did joy,
Kept at a yearly festival in *Troy*:
And as I lov'd, I was belov'd of many,
But for thy sake I would not match with any.
Kings and Dukes Daughters did of me approve,
And fairest Nymphs with me did fall in Love.
Yet all of them were but dispis'd of me,
After I had this hope of marrying thee.
Day and night in my mind I thee did keep,
And thinking on thee I would fall asleep.
How comely would thy presence sure have been,
Whose beauty wounded me although unseen?
I was enflamed with a strange desire.
Burning when I was absent from the fire.
My hopes I could no longer now contain,
But to Sea put forth my wish to obtain;

And now the lofty Phrygian Pines I sell'd,
And trees for building ships most fitting held.
The woods of *Gargarus*, and *Ida* did yield
Great store of trees, wherewith I ships did build,
I built their Decks, and lined the ship side
With Planks of Oak, which might a storm abide ;
And did Rig, and Tackle them beside
With Ropes, and Sails which to the Yards were ty'd ;
And I did set on the Stern of the Ship
The Image of those Gods which did it keep,
And on my own ship I did make them paint,
Venus and *Cupid* that it might not want
Her safe protection, who had promis'd me,
By her assistance I should marry thee.
Soon as my Fleet was buildded thus and fram'd,
To Sea I presently resoly'd to stand ;
My Father and Mother, when I did require
Their leave to go, would not grant my desire,
Or license me, and therefore to have staid
My intended journey, both of them assay'd.
My Sister *Cassandra* with loosen'd hair,
When as my ships even weighing Anchor were,
Said, whither goest thou ? thou shalt bring again,
By crossing the Seas a destroying flame ;
The truth she said ; for I have found a fire,
Love hath enflam'd my soft breast with desire.
A fair wind from the Port my Sails did drive,
And I in *Helena's* Country did arrive,
Where thy Husband did me much kindness show :
And sure the Gods decreed it should be so.
He shew'd me all that worthy was of fight
In *Lacedæmon* to breed me delight.
But there was nothing that my fancy took,
But only thee and thy sweet beauteous look ;

For

For when I saw thee I was even amaz'd,
 My heart was wounded while on thee I gaz'd :
 For I remember *Venus* was like thee,
 When she would have her beauty judg'd by me.
 And if thou hadst contended with her, I
 Had surely given thee the victory.
 For the report of thee abroad was blown,
 Thy beauty was in every Country known.
 For through all Nations, where the Sun doth rise,
 Thy beauty only bears away the prize.
 Believe me, fame did not report so much
 As thou deserv'st, thy beauty seemeth such,
 That *Theseus* did not thy love disdain,
 And to steal thee away did think't no shame :
 When suiting to the *Lacedæmonian* fashion,
 Thou didst sport with the young-men of the Nation.
 In stealing thee I like his just desire,
 But how he could restore thee I admire.
 For such a Beauteous prey had sure deserv'd,
 To have bee a kept and constantly preserv'd.
 For before thou shouldest been took from my bed,
 Before I would lose thee, I would lose my head.
 Alas, could I have ere so forgone thee,
 Or while I liv'd have let thee been took from me ?
 Yet if I must restore thee needs at last,
 I would have yet presum'd to touch and tast
 The Golden apples of thy Virgin tree,
 And not send thee back with Virginity ;
 Or if that I had spar'd thy Virgin treasures,
 I would have rifled some other pleasures.
 Then grant thy love to *Paris*, who will be,
 While I do live most constant unto thee.
 I will be constant to your own desire,
 My love and life shall both at once expire,

Before

Before great Kingdoms I preferred thee,
Which Royal *Juno* promis'd unto me.
And learning, *Pallas* gift, I did refuse,
And to enjoy thy sweet self I did chuse.
When *Juno*, *Venus*, and fair *Pallas* too,
Their naked bodies unto me did shew;
And in the *Idean* valleys did not grudge,
In case of beauty to make me their Judge,
Yet I do not repent of my election,
My mind is constant to my first affection.
I beseech thee let not my hope prove vain,
Who spar'd no labour in hope thee to gain.
Beneath your self you need not to decline,
Your birth is noble, so is also mine.
So that if we do match, you cannot fail
Beneath your birth, or be disgrace'd at all.
For if you search into my Pedigree,
Jove and *Aleætra* are of kin to me,
And my father *Priam* doth the Scepter sway,
Of the great'ſt Kingdom in all *Asia*.
Many Cities and fair Houses thou shalt see,
And Temples suiting the Gods Majesty.
Thou shalt see *Troy*, with Towers encompass'd round
Whose walls *Apollo's* Harp at first did sound.
Besides there are such store of people there,
The land the people cannot hardly bear.
Great troops of *Trojan* Matrons thou shalt meet,
And store of *Trojan* Wives in every street.
The poverty of *Greece* thou then wilt pity,
When thou seest one house as rich as a City.
Yet *Sparta* I cannot contemn with scorn,
Because thou in that happy Land were born,
But *Sparta* is poor, and cannot afford thee
Dressings, which with thy beauty may agree.

That

That face of thine ought not to be content
 With some common, but a curious ornament.
 And it is fit thou shouldst the old lay by,
 And every day wear some fresh rarity.
 When the habit of the *Trojans* you do see,
 You may think womens habirs richer be.
 Then *Helen* grant me Love, do not disdain
 A *Trojan* who thy Favour would obtain.
 He was a *Trojan* from our blood descended,
 Who with his Heavenly office was befriended.
 To fill Jove's Cup, and with water allay
 The strength of his *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*.
 A *Trojan*, in *Aurora* took delight,
 Who doth begin the day, conclude the night.
 Anchises was descended too from *Troy*,
 Whom the Queen of Love desired to enjoy;
 And did descend in the *Idean* Valley,
 In amorous ways to sport with him and dally.
 I am a *Trojan* too, and if in truth
 You should compare my beauty and my youth
 With *Menelaus*; I suppose that he
 Should not in your choice be preferr'd to me.
 By matching with me, thou shalt not be kin
 To such as bloody *Atrous* hatch-bins,
 Who with the flesh of men his Horses fed.
 From which sight the Suns frightened Horses fled.
 My Grand-father did not his Brother kill,
 As *Menelaus* Grand-father, who did spill
 Mytilus blood, whom being murder'd so,
 He into the *Myrtos* sea did throw.
 Nor yet our great Grand-father catcheth after,
 (Like unto *Tantalus* in the *Stygian* water)
 Apples, and water, which are both so nigh
 His lips, and yet from his touch'd lips do fly.
 Yet

if from them thou hadst descended been,
 we would me wish to be to thee a kin.
 unworthy Menelaus takes delight
 in thee, and doth enjoy the every night :
 scarcely can behold thee at the Table,
 and there to look on thee I am not able :
 that very time I do observe and find
 my things, that do much offend my mind.
 when the banquet is brought in, then I
 wish my room unto my enemy.
 it doth grieve me when I do behold,
 with his arms he doth thy neck infold,
 I could blush, when he before my face
 with thy small wast so clownishly imbrace.
 it did break my heart when I did see,
 he would cast his furr'd gown over thee.
 when that he would give thee kisses soft,
 put the cup before my eyes full oft.
 close embraces I did never brook,
 I beheld them with a down cast look.
 meat, as if within thy mouth it grew,
 did most willingly seem to chew.
 I sigh'd often, which when thou didst see,
 thou oftentimes wouldst smile, and laugh at me,
 then I would strive to quench my flame with Wine,
 love through drunkenness most clear doth shine.
 then I look'd away, lest I more should see,
 my beauty made me look again on thee,
 grieved me to look on my disgrace,
 griev'd me more not to look on thy face ;
 I did strive my passion for to hide,
 oh ! dissembled love is soonest spy'd.
 to not flatter thee, thou didst perceive
 I did love thee, nor could I deceive :

Thou

Thou discern'st my love, which I wish may be
 Known to thy self alone, and none but thee.
 When tears did spring, I turn'd away my head,
 Lest *Menelaus* should ask why I them shed.
 How oft have I told feigned tales of love?
 Hoping I might thereby your favour move;
 Under a feigned name hoping to move you:
 But it was I indeed did truly love you.
 And that I might my mind more freely speak,
 A wanton drunkenness I would counterfeit.
 I remember once thy bosom open lay,
 And to my view thy white breast did betray;
 thy fair breasts which were far more white in show
 Than purest milk, or the new fallen Snow,
 Or whiter than that Swans fair downy feather,
 When *Jupiter* and *Leda* lay together.
 When I beheld them, I was so amaz'd,
 My Ring fell from my finger as I gaz'd.
 When thou kissed' st thy Daughter, I would not miss
 To take thy kiss off with another kiss.
 And sometimes I some ancient song would sing,
 Of those that heretofore had Lovers been.
 Sometimes my secret signs my love was shown,
 And by a nod or wink I made it known:
 Then to *Clymene* and *Ethra* I did shew
 My grief, and both of them began to woe,
 Thy waiting maids who when I had begun,
 They both did leave me before I had done.
 And I do wish the Gods had been so bent,
 To have made thee prize of a Turnament.
 That he that got the victory might bear thee
 Out of the field, and he that won thee wear thee.
 As *Hippomenes* fair *Atlanta* won,
 Who all her former suitors had outrun.

Thou in the Phrygian Cities shalt be seen,
 Like Hippodamia brought in like a Queen
 By Pelops, and as stout Alcides brake
 Achelous horns for Dejanira's sake ;
 So by some valiant adventure, I
 Would win thee by some act of chivalry.
 But now I can beg of thy sweet beauty,
 And at thy feet prostrate my self in duty.
 O thou that art thy brothers only glory,
 To whom even Jove himself could not be sorry
 To be a Husband, if so be you were
 Not by birth descended from Jupiter.
 Either I will return to Troy with thee,
 Or here in thy Iconia buried be.
 loves arrow hath so wounded my soft breast,
 That it unto the very bone hath pierc'd.
 My sister truly prophesi'd of me,
 That with loves arrow I should wounded be.
 Then since (sweet Helen,) 'tis ordain'd by fate,
 That I should love thee, pity my estate.
 Do not contemn my love, but my fute hear,
 May the Gods attend unto thy prayer.
 ou wilt let me lie with thee to night,
 e I could say that should breed thy delight.
 wrong thy Husband so, art thou a sham'd ;
 or that thy marriage bed should be so stain'd ?
 Helen ; thou a country Conscience hast ;
 Do' st thou imagine to be fair and chaste ?
 Either change thy beauty or more loving be,
 For beauty is a foe to chastity.
 us doth love Loves stollen fruit to gather,
 and Jupiter scapes did make him thy Father
 then how can' st thou be chaste, if thou take after
 niper and Leda ? Thou art their daughter.

May'st thou be chaste when thou to *Troy* art brought,
 And for thy rape may I be held in fault.
 Let's not offend, and after mend our life,
 When as *Venus* promised, thou art my wife.
 Besides, thy Husbands actions do commend
 The same to thee, who that he might befriend
 His guest, absents himself, to give us leisure,
 And opportunity to enjoy pleasure.
 To go to *Creet* he thought it time most fit.
 O he's a man of an honourable wit ;
 Which at his departure was well express'd,
 When he bid thee use well his *Trojan* guest.
 Thy absent Husbands will thou dost neglect,
 Thou tak'st no care of me, nor me affect,
 Being so senseless, thinkest thou that he
 Can prize thy beauty or else value thee ?
 He cannot, for if he had known the danger,
 He had not bid thee be kind to a stratiger.
 Although my words nor love cannot move thee,
 Let us improve this opportunity.
 Than thy husband our selves shall shew more folly,
 If we lose time through bashful melancholy.
 To be thy Paramour he offer'd me,
 Make use then of his weak simplicity.
 For thou dost lie alone, and so do I,
 'Twere better if we did together lie.
 Let us enjoy our selves, for I do say,
 "Midnights sport yields more pleasure than the day
 Then thou shalt have fair promises of me,
 And I will bind my self to marry thee.
 For I do vow, if that thou canst believe me,
 For one nights lodging I'll a Kingdom give thee
 And if thou canst but so believing be,
 Unto my kingdom thou shalt go with me.

That

That thou follow'dst me it shall not be thought,
 For I alone will bear the blame, and fault,
 As *Theseus* did, my actions shall be such,
 And his example may thee nearly touch.
 For *Theseus* did carry thee away,
 Castor and *Pollux* so did also stray,
 And I will be the fourth, my love's as ample
 To thee, and I will follow their example.
 My *Trojan* Fleet for thee doth ready lay,
 And when you please we soon may sail away.
 Thou in *Troy* City shalt live as a Queen,
 Ador'd as if thou hadst some Goddess been.
 And wheresoever thou dost please to be,
 The people shall offer sacrifice to thee.
 Thy kindred, and the *Trojans* shall present
 Gifts unto thee with humble complement.
 I cannot here describe thy happiness,
 Far above that my letter doth express.
 Yet not the fear of Wars thy thoughts amaze,
 Or that all *Greece* will at light their forces raise
 To fetch the back; who have they fetch again
 Believe me, those tears are but solid, and vain.
 The *Thracians* *Orithia* took away,
 Yet no wars after troubled *Thracia*.
Europa from *Colchos* brought away *Medea*,
 And yet no wars did wast *Thessalia*.
Phedra and *Ariadne* stollen were
 By *Theseus*, yet *Minos* made no war.
 Dangers may seem far greater than they are,
 And fear may be without all ground offear.
 Suppose too (if you please) wars should ensue,
 Yet I by force their forces could subdue,
 My Country can to yours yield equal forces,
 Or it hath store of men and store of horses.

Nor can your Husband *Menelaus* shew
More valiant courage, than *Paris*, can do,
For when I was a young stripling, I
Did rescue our flocks from the Enemy;
Who did intend to drive away them all,
Whereon they did me *Alexander* call.
And of *Ilioneus* and *Deiphobus* I,
When I was young, did get the victory.
And as in single combate I plaid my part,
So with my bow I could hit any mark.
And I know *Menelaus* was not such
A forward youth, nor could he do so much.
Besides, *Hector*'s my brother, who may stand
In account of Souldiers, for a whole band:
My strength, and forces are unknown to thee,
Nor know'st thou what a husband I shall be.
And therefore, either no wars shall ensue,
Or Trojan forces shall the Greeks subdue.
Yet I could be content for such a wife
To fight: "there's credit in a noble strife,
Besides if all the world should fight for thee,
Thou shalt be famous to posterity;
Sweet *Helen* then consent to go with me,
What I have promis'd shall performed be."



The Argument of the sixteenth Epistle.

Helen having red Paris his Epistle; in her answer seems at first offended, and chides him, and for modesty's sake objects against his persuasions, proving them idle, but so that she rather gives, than takes away encouragement from him to proceed in his suit, thereby shewing a Womans crafty wit, according to that of Ovid, in his Art of Love :

Forsitan & primo veniet tibi litera tristis,
Quæq; rogat, ne se sollicitare velis.

Quod rogat illa timet: quod non rogat optat ut insit,
Insequere, &c.

*At first perhaps her Letter will be sowe,
And on thy bopes her paper seem to lowre:
In which she will conjure thee to be mute,
And charge thee to forbear thy hated suit.
Tush, what she most forwarns, she most desires,
In frosty woods are hid the hottest fires.*

*At last she seems to consent to Paris desire, advising him as a more
safe and honest course, not to write his desire, but impart his mind
to her waiting-maids, Clymene and Æthra; he dealing with them,
so far prevailed, that he brought both Helena and them to Troy.*

HELENA'S Answer to PARIS.

Since thy wanton Letter did my eyes infect
When I did read it, why should I neglect
To answer it? Since to answer it can be
No breach of chastity at all in me.
What boldness was it in thee, thus to break
All laws of hospitality, and to speak
Thus by your Letter, thereby for to move
My affection, and sollicite me for love?
Didst thou on purpose sail into our Port
That thou might'st woole me, and with fair words court,
And had not we power to avoid this danger?
And shut our Palace-gate against a stranger?
Who dost require our love with injury?
Didst thou come as a guest, or enemy?
I know my just complaint will seem to thee,
To proceed from rudeness, and rusticity.

Let

Let me seem rude, so I preserve my fame,
And keep my honour free from spot or stain.
Although my countenance be not sad or fowre,
Though with bent brows I do not sit and lowre:
Yet I have kept my clear fame without spot,
No man hath in my Tables found a blot.
So that I wonder whence thy encouragement
Proceedeth, that thou shouldest my love attempt.
Because once *Theseus* stole me as a prey,
Shall I the second time be stollen away?
It had been my fault had I given consent,
But being stollen against my will I went.
And yet he gathered not my Virgin flower.
He us'd no violence, though I was in his power:
Some kisses only he did striving gain,
But no more kindness could from me obtain.
Such is thy wantonness, thou wouldest not be
Like him content alone with kissing me.
He brought me back untoucht, his modesty
Seem'd to excuse his former injury;
And plainly it appear'd, that the young man
For stealing me grew penitent agajin.
But *Paris* comes when *Theseus* is fallen off,
That *Helen* may be still the Worlds scoff.
Yet with a lover who can be offended,
If thy love prove true as thou hast pretended?
This I do doubt, although I do not fear
My beauty can command love any where,
But because women should not believe men,
For men with flattering words do oft deceive them.
Though other wives offend, and that a fair one
Seldome chast, yet I will be that rare one.
Because you think my mother did offend,
By her example you think me to bend.

My mother was deceived ; *Jove* to her came
 In the shape of a milk-white feathered Swan.
 If I offend, 'tis not my ignorance,
 For no mistake can shadow my offence.
 And yet her error may be happy thought,
 For to offend with greatness is no fault.
 But I should not be happy, if I err,
 Since I should not offend with *Jupiter*.
 Of Royal kindred thou dost boast to be,
 But *Jove's* the fountain of Nobility.
 Nay though from *Jupiter* thy self dost spring,
 And *Pelops* and *Atreus* be to thee a kin ;
Jupiter's my Father, who himself did cover
 With a Swans feathers, and deceiv'd my Mother,
 Go reckon now the Pedigree of thy Nation,
 And talk of *Priam* and *Laomedon*,
 Whom I do reverence, yet thou shalt be
 Remov'd from *Jupiter* to the fifth degree ;
 And I but one ; and albeit that *Troy*
 Be a great land, such is this we enjoy.
 Though it for wealth, and store of men excel,
 The land is barbarous, where thou dost dwell.
 Yet thy Letter promises such gifts to me,
 That Goddesses might therewith tempted be,
 But if I may with modesty thus speak,
 Thy self and not thy gifts my fancy take,
 For either I'll keep my integrity,
 Or for thy love, nor gifts I'll go with thee,
 Though I despise them not, If ere I take
 Those gifts, it shall be for the givers sake.
 For when thy gifts have no power to move me,
 I do esteem this more that thou dost love me ;
 And that thou should'st a painful voyage take
 Through the rough Seas, and all even for my sake,

And I do mark thy carriage at the Table,
Although I to dissemble it am able.
Sometimes thou wantonly wilt ou me glance,
And put me almost out of countenance.
Sometimes thou sigh'st, and then the cup do'st take,
And to drink where I did drink, do'st pleasure take.
And so sometimes with thy fingers, or a wink,
Thou closely would'st express what thou didist think,
And I confess I have blusht many times,
For fear my husband should discern thy signs.
And oftentimes unto my self I said,
If he were shameless he would be dismay'd.
And on the Table thou hast many a time
Fashion'd and drawn forth with a little wine
Those Letters, which my name did plainly show,
And underneath them thou hast writ, *Amo*.
I look't on it, but seem'd not to believe thee,
But now this word *Amo* doth also grieve me.
By these allurements thou my heart might'st bend,
That I would have yielded to offend.
I must confess thou hast a beauteous face
Might win a Maid to yield to thy embrace.
Let some one rather honestly enjoy thee,
Than that a strangers love should so destroy me.
To resist the power of beauty learn by me,
Virtue abstains from things which pleasing be.
By how many young men have I wooed been?
That beauty *Paris* sees, others have seen.
Thou art more bold, but they as much did see,
Nor hast more courage, but less modesty.
I would thy ship had then arrived here,
When a thousand youths for my love Suitors were.
For before a thousand I had preferr'd thee,
Nay even my husband must have pardon'd me.

But thou hast stay'd too long, and hast so trifled
 That all my Virgin joys are gone and rifled.
 Thou wert too slow, therefore suppress thy flame.
 What thou desir'st another doth obtain.
 Though to have been thy wife I do wish still,
Menelaus enjoys me, not 'gainst my will.
 Cease with fair words to mollify my breast,
 If you love me let it be so exprest.
 Let me live as fortune hath allotted me.
 Do not seek to corrupt my chastity.
 But *Venus* promis'd thee in the *Idean* wood,
 When three naked Goddesses before the stood :
 One promised a Kingdom unto thee,
 T'other that thou in wars should'st prosperous be,
 But *Venus* who was the third in this strife,
 Did promise *Helena* should be thy wife.
 I scarce believe the Goddesses woud be
 In a case of beauty judg'd so by thee.
 Were the first true, the latter part is feign'd,
 That she gave thee me, for judgment obtain'd.
 I do not think my beauty such, that she
 Could think to bribe thy Judgment by that fee.
 I am content that men my beauty prize,
 That beauty *Venus* praises she envies.
 There's no assurance in a strangers love,
 As they do wander, so their love doth rove.
 And when you hope to find most constancy,
 Their love doth cool, and they away do fly.
 Witness *Ariadne* and *Hypsiphele*,
 Whose lawles's love procur'd their misery.
 And it is said, thou did'st *Oenone* wrong,
 Forsaking her whom thou had'st lov'd so long.
 This by thy self cannot denyed be,
 For know I took care to enquire of thee.

Besides

Besides if thou hadst a design to prove
constant in thy affection and true love ;
Let thou wouldst be compell'd at least to fail,
And with thy Trojans thou away wouldst sail.
For if the wished night appointed were,
Thou wouldest be gone, if that the wind stood fair.
And when our pleasures grew unto the height
Thou wouldest be gone, if that the wind stood right ;
So by a fair wind I should be bereft
Of joys even in the midst imperfect left,
As thou persuad'st shall I follow thee
To Troy, and so great Priam's Daughter be ?
Let I do not so much contemn swift fame,
That I would stick disgrace upon thy name.
What would Priam, and his wife think of me
With's Daughters, and my brothers which may be ?
What might Sparta, and Greece of Helen say ?
Or what might Troy report, and Asia ?
And how canst thou hope I should faithful prove ?
And not to others, as to thee grant love ?
That if a strangers ship do arrive there,
Will procure in thee a jealous fear.
And in thy rage call me adulteress,
When thou art guilty of my wickedness.
You that didst cause my fault wilt me upbraid.
May I first into my grave be laid.
If I shall have Troys wealth, go rich and brave,
And more than thou canst promise I shall have.
Issue and Cloth of Gold they shall present me,
And store of Gold shall for a gift be sent me.
Pardon me, those gifts cannot inflame me,
Know not how thy Land would entertain me,
In the Trojan Land I should wrong'd be,
How could my brother, or father help me ?

Besides

False

False *Jason* with fair promises beguil'd
Medea, who was afterward exil'd.
Her Father *Eetes* was not there, to whom,
When she was scorn'd by *Jason*, she might come.
Nor her Mother *Ipsea*, to whom she
Might return, nor her Sister *Calciope*.
I fear not this, was not *Medea* afraid?
“ For those who mean best, soonest are betray'd.
Ships in the harbour do in safety ride
But are lost at Sea, and do storms abide,
And that same fire-brand too affrighteth me,
Of which thy Mother dreamt, and thought that she
Had been deliver'd: and besides too I
Do fear *Cassandra*'s dismal prophecy;
Who did foretel, as truth did her inspire,
The Greeks should waste the City *Troy* with fire.
And besides, as fair *Venus* favours thee,
Because thy judgment gave her the victory;
I fear the other Goddesses do grudge
At thee, because thou didst against them judge.
And I do know that wars may follow after,
Our fatal love shall be reveng'd with slaughter.
Yet to allow her praise I am content,
Why should I question that which she hath meant?
Yet for my slow belief be not thou griev'd,
For such good matters hardly are believ'd.
First I am glad that *Venus* did regard me,
Secondly, that with me she did reward thee.
And that *Helen*, when you of her beauty heard,
Was before *Pallas* and *Juno*'s gifts preferr'd.
Am I both wisdom, and Kingdom to thee?
Since thou lov'st me, should I no kindness shew thee?
I'm not so cruel, yet can not incline
To love him, who I fear can not be mine.

I suppose I to Sea would go with thee,
I steal hence I have no opportunity.
Love's thefts I am ignorant and rude,
Cavens know my husband I did ne'er delude:
And in a Letter thus my mind to shew,
A task, I before did never do.
They are happy that do use it every day,
Offend it is hard to find the way.
Kind of painful fear restraineth me,
And how they look on us me-thinks I see.
Of the grumbling people I am much afraid,
For *Aithra* told me long since what they said.
They take no notice, nor do thou desist,
Now you can dissemble if you list.
Then sport and spare not, but let us be wary,
And if not chaste, let us at least be chary,
Or through that *Menelaus* absent be,
Must discreetly use my liberty.
Or though he is on earnest business gone,
And for this journey had occasion;
Took occasion thus my love to show
Take hast to return, Sweet-heart, if you go.
And he straightway to recompence my wish
This return gave me a joyful kiss,
Charging me that my care should be exprest
Looking to his house, and *Trojan* guest.
Smil'd, and to him could say nought at all,
Striv'd, to refrain laughing with, I shall.
So with a prosperous wind he sail'd to *Creet*.
Let to do, what thou dost list, is not meet.
I'm kept in his absence with guard most strong,
Do'st thou not know the hands of Kings are long?
Besides, thou wrong'it us both in praising me,
For when he hears it he will jealous be.

The fame of beauty maketh me suspected.

I would I had the fame of it neglected.

Though to leave us together he thought fit,
To my own keeping he did me commit.

" He knew there could no better guardian be,

" To keep me chaste than my own honesty.

He fear'd my beauty, but my chastity

Did take away that idle jealousie.

To make use of time thou advisest me,

Since his absence gives opportunity.

I must confess I have a good mind to it,

But am yet unresolved, and fear to do it.

Besides you know my Husband is from home,

And you without a wife do lie alone,

The nights are long, and while we sit together

In one house, we may talk unto each other,

And woe is me ! when we are both alone,

I know thou hast a fair alluring tongue.

Thus every circumstance seems to invite me,

And nothing but a bashful fear doth fright me.

Since persuasions do no good, leave that course

And make me leave this bashfulness by force.

Such force would seem a welcome injury,

And I would fain be thus compell'd by thee.

Yet let me rather my new love refrain,

A little water quenches a young flame.

Did not the stout Inhabitant of Tessala

Fight with the Centaures for Hippodamia ?

And dost thou not think Menelaus hath,

And Tyndarus as violent a wrath ?

Although of valour thou dost boast to me,

Thy words and amorous face do not agree.

Thou art not fit for Mars, nor for the field,

But for Venus combates, which do pleasures yield.

But valiant hardy men of Wars approve,
But *Paris* follow thou the wars of love.
But *Heitor* fight for thee, whom thou dost praise
The gentle wars of Love shall give thee Bayes.
And in these wars 'tis wisdom for to fight,
And any maid that's wise will take delight,
To stand upon idle points of modesty to stand,
May perhaps in time give thee my hand.
It is your desire, that you and I
Should meet, I know what you do mean thereby.
Thus far this guilty Letter hath reveal'd
A piece of my mind, the rest is conceal'd.
Clymene and *Aethra* we may further
Be known our minds, more fully to each other,
For these two Maidens in such matters be
Companions, and Counsellors to me.

The



The Argument of the seventeenth Epistle.

The Sea of Hellefponct being seven furlongs over, and as Plini witnesseth dividing Europe from Asia, had on the one side Sestos in Europe, where Hero lived, and Abydos in Asia, where Leander dwelled, being two opposite Cities. Leander of Abydos being deeply in Love with Hero of Sestos, did use to swim by night unto her over the Hellefponct: but being hindred by the tempestuous roughness of the Sea, after seven days were past, he sent this Letter to his sweet-heart Hero, by an adventurous ship-master that put forth to Sea in the storm. Wherein

Wherein he sheweth first that his love is firm, and constant. Afterward he complaineth that the roughness of the Sea should hinder him from swimming to her. Lastly, he promiseth her that he will venture to come, and expose himself to the dangers of the Sea, rather than to want the sight of her, or her sweet company. Whence Martial thus of him signifieth,

*Cum peteret dulces andax Leander amores,
Et fessus tumidis jam premeretur aquis ;
Sic miser instantes affatus dicitur undas ;
Parcite dum prope, mergite dum redeo.*

While bold Leander to his Sweet-heart swam,
And swelling waves did beat his weary limbs ;
To the billows that beat him so,
'Tis said that thus he spake ;
Spare me while I to Hero go,
Drown me when I come back.

LEANDER to HERO.

HY Love Leander wisheth thee all health,
(Hero) which I had rather bring my self,
For if the rough Seas had more calmer been,
From Abydos to Sestos I would swim.

the fates smile upon our love, then I
Plin know, thou wilt read my lines willingly,
e Sesto this Paper-messenger may welcome be,
Leande at thou had'st rather have my company.
g deep the fates frown; and will not suffer me,
ber ou As I was us'd) now to swim unto thee,
eß of th The Skie is black, the Seas are rough, alas,
et-bea so that no Ship or Bark from home dare pass.
be storm Let one bold Ship-master went from our Haven,
Wherein to whom this present Letter I have given;

And had come with him, but the *Abydians* stay'd
Upon their watch-towers, while the Anchor weigh'd ;
For presently they would have been descri'd,
And discern'd our love, which we seek to hide.
Forthwith this Letter I did write, and so
I said unto it, Happy Letter go ;
This is thy happiness, thou must understand
That *Hero* shall receive thee with her hand,
And perhaps thou shalt kiss her rosie lips,
While with her teeth the Seals she open rips.
Having spoke these words, then my right hand after
Did write these words upon this silent Paper.
But I do wish, that my right hand might be
Not us'd in writing, but to swim to thee :
It is more fit to swim, yet I can write
My mind with ease, and happily indite.
Seven nights are past which seem to me a year,
Since first the Seas with storms enraged were.
These nights seem'd long to me, I could not sleep,
To think the Sea should still in roughness keep.
Those torches which on thy tower burning be
I saw, or else I thought that I did see.
Thrice I put off my cloths, and did begin
Three times to make tryal if I could swim,
But swelling seas did my desire oppose,
Whose rising billows o'er my face o'erflows.
But *Boreas*, who art the fiercest wind,
Why thus to cross me dost thou bend thy mind ?
Thou dost not storm against the seas but me :
Hadst thou not been in love what wouldest thou be ?
Though thou art cold, yet once thou didst approve
Orithya, who did warm thy heart with love.
And wouldest have vexed, if with *Orithya* fair
Thy passage had been hindred through the air.

O spare me then and calm thy blustering wind,
Even so may'st thou from *Aeolus* favour find.

But I perceive he murmurs at my prayer,
And still the seas both rough and stormy are.

I wish that *Dedalus* would give wings to me,
Though the *Icarian* seas not far off be,

Where *Icarus* did fall, when he did proffer
To fly too high, let me the same chance suffer,

While flying through the air to thee I come,
As through the water I have often swum.

But since both wind, and seas deny to me
My passage, think how I first came to thee.

It was at that time when night doth begin,
(Th' remembrance of past pleasures, pleasure bring)

When I who was *Amans*, which we translate

A Lover, stole out of my fathers Gate,

And having put off all my cloths straightway,
My arms through the moist seas cut their way,

The Moon did yield a glimmering light to me,
Which all the way did bear me company.

I looked on her, said, Some favor have

Towards me, and think upon the *Lamian Cave*.

O favour me ! for thy *Endymion*'s sake,

Hosper this stollen journey which I take.

Immortals love made thee come from thy *Sphere* :

And she I love is like a Goddess fair.

For none unless that she a Goddess be,
Can be so vertuous, and so fair as she.

Nay none but *Venus*, or thy self can be
So fair ; view her, if you'll not credit me.

For as thy silver beams do shine more bright

Than lesser streams, which yield a dimmer light;

Even so of all fair ones she is the rarest,

And *Cynthia* cannot doubt but she's the fairest.

When I these words, or else the like had said,
My passage through the Sea by night I made.

The Moons bright beams were in the waters seen,
And 'twas as light as if it day had been.

No noise nor voice unto my ears did come,
But the murmur of the water when I swam.

Only the *Alcyons* for lov'd *Ceyx* sake,
Seemed by night a sweet complaint to make.

But when my Arms to growtyd did begin,
Unto the top of the waves I did spring.

But when I saw thy torch, O then quoth I,
Where that fire blazeth, my fair Love doth lie.
For that same shore, said I, doth her contain,
Who is my Goddess, my fire and my flame.

These words to my Arms did such strength restore,
Methought the Sea grew calmer than before.

The coldness of the waves, I seem'd to scorn,
For love did keep my arorous heart still warm,

The nearer I came to the shore I find
The greater courage and more strength of mind.

But when I could by thee discerned be,
Thou gav'st me courage by looking on me.

Then to please thee, my Mistress, I begin
To spread my Arms abroad, and strongly swim,

Thy Nurse from leaping down could scarce stay thee,
This without flattery I did also see,

And though she did restrain thee, thou didst come
Down to the shore and to the waves didst run.

And to embrace and kiss me didst begin,
" The Gods to get such kisses sure would swim,

And thy own garments thou wouldst put on me,
Drying my hair which had been wet at Sea.

What past besides, the Tower, and we do know,
And Torch, which through the Sea my way did show.

The joys of that night we no more can count
 Than drops of water in the *Helle-spont*.
 And because we had so little time for pleasure,
 We us'd our time, and did not waste our leisure,
 But when *Aurora* rose from *Tubon's* bed,
 And the morning star shew'd his glittering head,
 Then we did kiss in hast, and kiss again,
 And that the Night was past we did complain.
 When thy Nurse did me of the time inform,
 Then from thy Tower I to the shore return.
 With tears we parted, and then I begin
 Back through the *Helle-spont* again to swim.
 And while I swum, I should look back on thee,
 As far as I could thee (sweet *Hero*) see.
 And if you will believe me, when I do come
 Hither unto thee, then methought I swum,
 But when from thee again I turned back,
 I seem'd like one that had suffer'd ship-wreck,
 To my home I went unwillingly again,
 My City 'gainst my will doth me contain.
 Alas ! why should we be by seas disjoyn'd ?
 Since that love hath united us in mind.
 Since we bear such affection to each other,
 Why should not we in one land dwell together ?
 In *Sestos*, or *Abydos* dwell with me,
 Thy country pleaseth me, as mine doth thee.
 Why should the rough seas thus perplex our minds ?
 Why should we be parted by cruel winds ?
 The Dolphins with our love acquainted grow :
 The fish by often swimming do me know.
 And through the water I have worn a path,
 Like to those wheel-ruts which a high way hath:
 I complain that I to such shifts was put,
 But now the winds that passage have up-shut.

The *Hellespont* is rough, the waves go high,
 So that ships scarce in Harbour safe do lie.
 And I believe this sea her name first found,
 From the Virgin *Helle*, who was in't drown'd.
 This sea shall by her death infamous be,
 Her name doth shew her guilt, though she spare me.
 I envy *Jason*, who did sail to *Greece*,
 And fetcht away from thence the Golden-Fleece,
 In his ship call'd the Ram, yet I desire
 No ship of his, this is all I require ;
 That the waters of the *Hellespont* would be
 So gentle to permit me to swim to thee.
 I want no art to swim, give leave to me,
 And both the ship and Pilot I will be.
 I will not sail by the great or lesser bear,
 For by such common stars love cannot steer.
 Let others on *Andromeda*'s star look ;
 Or *Ariadne*'s Crown to Heaven look ;
 Nor yet *Calistos* stars which do shine clear
 In the Polar Circle, which they call the Bear.
 These stars which by the Gods were stellifi'd,
 In my doubtful passage shall not be my guide,
 But I have a more brighter star than these,
 My love will guide me through the darkest seas,
 Oft when my arms grew tyred with weariness.
 That they cannot cut their ways through the seas,
 When I do tell them, that to quit their pain
 They should embrace thee, they would then again,
 To enjoy their prize, with such a fresh strength swim,
 Like a swift Horse that doth to run begin.
 Thou art my star, and I will follow thee,
 Rather than all those stars in Heaven be.
 Thou, thou art far more worthy for to shine
 A star in Heaven, yet stay on earth thy time.

Or

Or if thou wilt needs go, then shew to me
The way to Heaven, that I may follow thee.
Thou art here, yet I the way to thee can't find,
The roughness of the seas perplex my mind.
What though the Ocean do not us two part ?
This narrow sea keeps me from thee, sweet heart,
If I should in some distant Country be,
It would cut off all hope of seeing thee.
But now I am inflam'd with more desire,
And burn the more the nearer to the fire.
And though the thing I wish for absent be,
Yet I do hope for that I cannot see.
That which I love I almost seem to touch,
Which makes me weep to think my hopes are such.
I catch at Apples which from me do fly
Like *Tantalus*, or the stream which glides by.
Shall I then never be possest of thee,
Until the winds and sea so pleased be?
When wind and water fickle be; shall I
Upon the wind and water still rely ?
Shall I be hindred by the raging seas ?
The Goats, Bootes, or the Pleiades ?
If I have any courage thou shalt see,
Love shall embolden me to swim to thee.
And if I promise I will come away,
And perform my promise without all delay.
If seas continue still their raging anger,
I'll try to swim to thee in despight of danger :
Either my bold attempt shall happy prove,
Or death shall give an end unto my love.
Yet I do wish my body may be driven,
Like to a wrack to thy beloved Haven :
Then thou wilt weep on it, and say 'twas I
Was the occasion, that this man did dye.

I know when thou hast in my letter found
 This word of Death, thou wilt hate the sad sound.
 Fear not; but that the sea may now incline
 To calmness, joyn your prayers I pray with mine.
 If it were calm until I did swim thither,
 Arriv'd again let it be blustering weather,
 In the Harbour of thy Castle I'll abide,
 And in thy Chamber at safe Anchor ride.
 Let blustering *Boreas* strongly there inclose me,
 I delight to stay there though he oppose me,
 For then I will be weary, and most slack
 To venture to return, or to swim back,
 On the deaf billows I'll not rail in vain,
 Nor on the rough and raging Sea complain.
 The winds and the embraces should keep me
 Wind-bound and love-bound, still to stay with thee.
 Yet soon as the Sea permits I'll begin
 To use my arms and unto thee I'll swim,
 And be thou careful to put forth a light
 Upon thy Turret, to direct my sight.
 Until then let my Letter lodge this night
 With thee, as Harbinger of my delight.
 Which though it go before me, I do pray,
 That I may follow it without delay.



The



The Argument of the eighteenth Epistle.

Hero having received Leander's Letter answereth it with many expressions of a mutual affection, and incites him to hasten his coming, that she might enjoy his company: sometimes accusing his slowness, thereby to shew the sincerity and integrity of her own love, sometimes inveighing against the Sea: sometimes fearing lest he loved another; then recanting that suspicion, ascribing it to the custom of Lovers,

Lovers, who are apt to suspicion. Lastly, she persuades him to expose himself to the mercy of the Sea until it grew calm.

HERO to LEANDER.

THAT health Leander which thou sent'st in word,
Come and more really to me afford.
For our joys are deferred by thy stay,
And my love grows impatient of delay.
Our love is equal, but I am the weaker,
For men are of a stout and stronger nature.
Maids have a tender body and soft mind,
If thou do stay, I shall with grief be pin'd.
You men can spend the tedious time and leisure,
In hunting or some other country pleasure.
Or sometimes you can go unto the Court,
Or in riding, or tilting take your sport.
You often Hawk, and Angle many a time,
And spend some hours in drinking of rich wine.
But unto me love doth a torment prove.
I have no business here to do, but love.
Thou only art a pleasure unto me.
I love the more than can believed be.
For either with my Nurse I talk of thee,
Wondring what stayeth thy coming unto me ;
Or looking to the sea, sometimes I chide
The Sea, 'cause it doth still rough abide.
Or when I see the Sea is calmer grown,
I think that when thou may'st thou wilt not come.
While I complain, sad tears spring in my eyes,
Which with a trembling hand my old Nurse dryes.
Then I do look if any print remain
Of thy foot-steps, which the sands yet retain.

and often times I enquire if any be
bound to Abydos, so to write to thee,
and I do kiss thy cloths thou didst leave here
When thou didst swim the *Hellespont* without fear ;
When day is done, and the more friendly night
With spangled stars hath put the day to flight,
Then I set out a light for a land-mark
Upon my Tower, to guide thee in the dark.
And then sometimes with spinning I assay
To pass the time which runs so slow away.
And that I may the tedious hours beguile,
Talk of my *Leander* all the while.
And to my Nurse I speak thus, Dost not thou
Think that my joy and love is coming now ?
I think'st thou that his friends watch him, that he
Hindred so from coming unto me ?
Dost thou not think that he even now begins
To put off his cloths, and anoint his limbs ?
Yes, says my old Nurse, who did strive to keep
Me with her head while she did nodding sleep,
And senseless of all love, car'd not though I
Did want thy kisses, and sweet company.
Then I should say to her a little after,
Now I do think he's swimming through the water.
And having drawn my thred forth I would say,
Now I do think he's in the middle way ;
When I look'd forth, and fearfully did pray
The wind would favour thee upon the way.
Sometimes I listned unto every voice,
Thinking thou wert come, if I heard a noise.
Thus I would spend most of the night, till sleep
Upon my weary eyes by stealth did creep.
And sometimes thou sleep'st with me in my dream,
And at come, though to come thou dost not mean.

And

And now methinks that in my dream I see
Thee swiming, now thou art imbracing me.
And now to cloath thy wet limbs I do strive,
And in my warm bosom do thee revive.
And other things I dream, the which must be
Concealed at this time for modesty.
For that which in the doing pleas'd us well,
Yet being done it is a shame to tell.
But wo is me, these pleasures are soon done,
For when the dream doth vanish, thou art gone.
O let us at the length more firmly meet,
That our joys may be real and more sweet.
Why have I lain so many nights from thee ?
And why dost thou delay to swim to me ?
Though the Seas yet for swimming unfit are,
Yet yesternight the winds more calmer were.
And why didst thou then fear to come to me ?
Why didst not use that opportunity ?
Though you have another season, yet at least,
Because this was the first, this was the best.
The fickle sea doth quickly change her face,
But thou canst swim it in a little space.
And suppose winds and storms should keep thee here
While I embrace thee, thou needst nothing fear :
Then I would have the winds blow high enough,
And I would pray the Seas might still be rough.
But why dost thou the winds and seas now' fear,
Which formerly by thee despised were ?
For I remember thou didst swim to me,
When the seas were as rough as now they be,
When I did wish thee not so rash to be,
Lest thy rashness should make me weep for thee.
But where is all thy courage now become ?
Who through the *Hellespont* hast often swum.

it do not thou such rash adventures make,
when the sea is calm thy journey take.
thou dost love me still, as thou dost write,
that our flame of love burns clear and bright :
fear not winds so much that cross my mind,
that thy love should prove fickle as wind.
that thou think'st me unworthy to enter
th dangers, and for my sake to adventure.
sometimes I am very much afraid,
th thou of *Abydos* scorn'st a *Sestan* maid.
it would grieve me more than all the rest,
thou shouldst love another Sweet-heart best ;
if some Harlots arms should thee embrace,
thile that her new love doth the old displace.
nay I die before that I do see
self in such a manner wrong'd by thee.
do I not write this, because that I
am thee, or same, have cause of jealousy.
still I fear (who can securely love ?)
absence doth often suspicion move,
use Lovers are happy that present are,
d know when to be jealous, when not to fear.
e vainly fear, and slight true injuries,
nourish in our breast fond jealousies ;
ould'st thou come, or else would I might find
woman hinders thee but the fierce wind.
ich when I know, believe me I shall die
th grief to think upon thy injury.
if that thou hadst a desire to send
to my grave, thou might'st before offend.
thou wilt not offend, my fears are vain,
Now the winters storms do thee detain.
t's me ! the billows do grow rough and high,
obscure clouds do darken all the sky.

Or *Helle's* Mother makes the sea-waves weep,
 While they her Daughters obsequies do keep.
 Or *Juno* her step-mother now doth please,
 Chang'd to a Goddess, thus to vex the seas.
 This sea unto young maids unkind doth prove ;
 It drowned *Helle*, and doth cross my love.
 If *Neptune* his own love had call'd to mind,
 Our love had not been crost so by the wind.
 It is no fable that thou didst approve
 Of fair *Anymone*, and her didst love.
Alcyone, and *Ceyce* thy sweet-hearts were,
 And *Medusa* before she had snaky hair.
Laodice and *Celæno* Pleiades,
 And many I have read of besides these.
 O *Neptune* thou these Sweet-hearts hadst in store,
 As Poets do report, and many more.
 Since thou so oft the force of love didst prove ;
 Why still from coming dost thou stay my love ?
 Spare us, let storms rage in the Ocean wide,
 The Sea doth two parts of the world devide.
 For thee to toss great ships it is most meet,
 Or express thy rage in scattering a Fleet.
 To disturb these seas can no glory be,
 Or to hinder a young man would swim to me.
 For know *Leander* nobly is descended,
 Nor from *Ulysses* ill of thee befrinded,
 Preserve us both, for while that he doth swim ;
 " He's in the water, but my life's in him.
 But now my Candle (by whose watchful light
 As it stood by me, I these lines did write)
 Began to sparkle at that very time,
 Which I did take to be a happy sign.
 And my Nurse put wine to it, to maintain
 The Lamp, and cherish the reviving flame.

she, here will be strangers I do think
 morrow, and with these words she doth drink.
 Leander, come, and let our number be
 reas'd, for I do love thy company.
 Leander unto thy own love return,
 why should I still lie alone, and mourn?
 thou hast no cause thus fearful still to be,
 I will calm the Sea, and favour thee.
 sometimes to wade through the sea I begin.
 this sea hath to women fatal bin.

Jason over it in safety came,
 a woman gave to these seas their name.
 thou fear'st thou shouldst want strength to perform
 a double labour, to come, and return :
 us in the midst of the sea both meet,
 with a kiss each other kindly greet ;
 to our Cities both return again,
 would some comfort be, though it were vain.
 could that we had no regard of Fame,
 which makes us love in secret, nor of shame.
 our love and fearfulness do ill agree ;
 persuades to pleasure, this to modesty.
 when that young Jason did to Colchos come,
 bore away Medea with him soon.
 as Paris to Lacedamon came,
 straight returned with his prey again.
 com'st to me, but leavest me behind,
 swim'st when ships can scarce a passage find.
 my Leander have a care hereafter,
 only to despise, but fear the water.
 long ships unto the sea are made a scorn,
 think'st thou thy arms can more than Oars perform?
 the Mariners (Leander) fear to swim
 they are forced, when they have shipwrackt bin.

Woe's me, I perswade 'gainst that I require.
 Let not my words discourage thee I desire.
 With thy arms swim through the seas, which being done,
 Embrace me with those arms when thou art come.
 But as oft as I to the blew Seas look,
 My heart is with a sudden cold fear struck ;
 And I am troubled with my last nights dream,
 Though I sacrific'd 'gainst that it did mean :
 About morning, when the Candle sleepy grew
 And wink'd, when dreams most usually are true ;
 Out of my drowsie fingers fell my thred,
 And on my pillow I did rest my head :
 When in my dream I thought that I had seen
 A Dolphin, that on the rough waves did swim,
 Which the waves cast upon the shore, and left
 Upon the boiling sand, of life bereft.
 I know not what this might presage or mean,
 Stay till the Sea be calm; slight not my dream :
 If thou wilt not spare thy self, spare thou me,
 My life and happiness consists in thee.
 I hope the rough seas will grow calm, then stay,
 And through the calm seas cut thy gentle way.
 And till then, since thou canst not swim, nor come,
 Let this Letter make the time not seem long.





The Argument of the nineteenth Epistle.

A Contius going to Diana's sacrifices, which were celebrated by
Virgins in Delos, the chiefest Island of all the Cyclades in the
Aegean sea, fell in love with Cydippe a noble Maid; but he in re-
gard of the inequality of his birth, not daring to sollicite her love, did
unningly write on a fair Apple these two verses.

Juro tibi sane per mystica sacra Diana,
Me tibi venturam comitem, sponsamq; futuram,

L

By



By Diana's sacred rites I swear to thee,
Thy loving Consort and Wife I will be.

And so he cast the Apple at the Maids feet ; who ignorant of his cunning, reading it at unawares, she promised that she would be wife to Acontius. For it was a law, that what was spoken before the Gods in the Temple of Diana should be ratified. So that Acontius endeavours in this Epistle to perswade her, that Diana had inflicted sickness on her, because she had violated her promise made in the Goddesses presence. And to allure her to his desires, his Exordium endeavours to make her confident to read without any suspicion of deceit, like the former. Afterward he strives to make her husband contemptible in her sight, perswading her that he was the cause of all her sickness.

ACONTIUS to CYDIPPE.

B E not afraid, since that thou shalt not swear,
As thou didst before to thy Lover, here ;
For thou didst swear enough at that same time,
When thou didst promise that thou wouldest be mine.
Read it, and so may the sickness leave thee,
And pains, which also are a pain to me,
For why should thy ingenuous cheeks be spread,
As in Diana's Temple with blushing red ?
Since to perform thy promise I do move thee,
And not loosely, but as a husband love thee.
For if those words thou wouldest but call to mind,
Which I did write upon the Apple's rind,
And cast before thee, being read by thee,
In reading it thou didst promise to me,
Even that which I do now of thee desire,
My words and faith do not at once expire.

When *Diana* depriv'd thee first of health,
I fear'd it ; Virgin, think upon thy self.
And now I fear the same, for now at length
The flame of love in me hath gotten strength,
My strong affection doth increase, and grow,
Encourag'd by that hope which you did show.
Thou gav'st me hope, from thee it did proceed,
Diana is a witness to thy deed.
For thou didst swear by *Diana's* Majesty,
Acontius I do mean to marry thee.
And to these words which from thy mouth then went
Diana bow'd in token of consent.
If thou dost urge, thou wert deceiv'd by me,
The deceit came from love, my love from thee,
Taking thereby to thee to be united.
What should win favor, wherewith thou art frightened.
Not so crafty by nature or use,
My beauty doth this craftiness infuse.
Genious love, and not my art first joyn'd
Those words which thee to me did firmly bind.
Or love this cunning trick to me disclos'd,
And words of marriage in two lines compos'd,
Let this Act of mine deceitful prove,
It be deceit to get what we love.
And now I write, for favor I intreat,
Complain of this, if this be a deceit.
Loving thee, an Injury I do thee,
Though thou forbid me, I will love and woo thee.
We have by force their sweet-hearts away brought;
Write a Letter, shall it be a fault ?
See that a Letter a new knot doth tye
That promis'd love between thee and I.
Though thou art coy to me, yet I shall make thee
Be kind, and I do know that I shall take thee.

For albeit thou scape out of this net,
 Thou shalt not scape all those which love can set.
 And if that gentle means, and art do fail,
 Then force against thy coyness shall prevail.
 I do not hold that *Paris* was in fault,
 Or those who their desires by force have sought.
 And so will I, although that death should be
 His sad reward, that ventures to steal thee.
 Wert thou less fair, my sute would be more cold,
 But now thy Beauteous face doth make me bold,
 My flame of love proceeds from thy fair eyes,
 Which do out-shine the bright stars in the skies.
 And from thy white neck, which thy brown hair graces,
 And from thy arms fit only for imbraces.
 Thy modest countenance also taketh me,
 Where silent beauties sweetly placed be.
 Thy feet like Ivory are so pure and white,
 That *Zeris*, I suppose hath not the like.
 I were happy, if I might praise the rest,
 Thy parts summ'd up together would be best.
 It is no wonder since thou art so fair,
 If by thy own words I did thee insinuate,
 For if thou should'st confess thy self to be
 Taken by my deceit and treachery;
 Let me bear the envy of it, and blame,
 So that I may the fruits of love obtain.
Achilles did by force fair *Briseis* take,
 Yet she lov'd him, and would not him forsake.
 Find fault with what thou wilt and angry be,
 So that in anger I may enjoy thee.
 I that have moved your anger, will appease you,
 And if you give me leave, I'll strive to please you.
 For I will stand before you, and there weep,
 While my tears with my words due time shall keep.

I like some servant that correction fears,
I hold my hands up, and beg with my tears.
Come your right, I'm a slave to your beauty,
You my Mistress, and teach me my duty.

Though that you should strike me, and should tear
In imperious manner my long hair,
I suffer all and only afraid be,
If you should hurt your hand with striking me.

You needst not fetter me with iron chains,
The serveth willingly whom love constrains.
When thou hast satisfied thy wrath on me,
Then thou wilt say how patient is he ?

Noting my patience say, since I see,
That he can serve so well, he shall serve me.
Now thou dost condemn me in my absence,
My good cause doth want a just defence.

Not only which I on the Apple wright
My offence, yet love indited it.
Diana should not mocked be,
To keep thy promise with her, though not with me.

I saw thee blush, when as thou wert deceiv'd,
She did hear those words which thou didst read,
Who can be more violent than she,
Those who do profane her Majesty ?

No more angry than Althea with her son,
More fierce than was the Boar of Calydon.
Made Aetœn's hounds their Master hunt,
He with them to chase wild beasts was wont,

Did Niobe to a stone transform,
Which in Bithynia stands, and seems to mourn,
Ipe, I dare not speak truth to thee,
My admonishment seem false to be.

I must speak, her wrath inflicts on thee
Sickness, when that thou shouldst marri'd be ;

From Perjury she'd have thee keep thy self ;
By sickness she would bring thy mind to health.
And when to break thy vow thou wouldest begin
She keeps thee from committing of that sin.
Then do not thou Diana more incense,
She may be brought to remit thy offence,
That so thy Fever may not quite destroy
Thy beauty sav'd, that I may it enjoy.
Preserve that beauty, which my love first bred,
Where snowy whiteness shadoweth the red.
May those who cross our love, endure that pain
Which I while thou art sick do now sustain.
I would not have thee sick, nor married be,
I know not which of these would most grieve me.
Sometimes it grieveth me, that I should grieve thee,
And that I did so cunningly deceive thee.
For my Mistress's perjury, O punish me
Ye Gods ; from punishment let her be free.
And sometimes I occasion take to go
By the door, that I may know how you do.
And in a secret manner enquiring keep
Of your Maid, how you eat, and take your sleep.
I would I had been a Physician bred,
To feel thy pulse, and sit upon thy bed.
And woe is me, that I must absent be,
While that my rival is perhaps with thee.
He holds thy hand, and fits on thy bed-side,
Who is by all the Gods, and me envi'd.
And while that he thy beating pulse doth try,
Thy white arm he doth often touch thereby.
He handles thee, and then perhaps a kiss
Rewards his service with too great a bliss.
Who hath permitted thee to reap my crop ?
And take away the fruits of all my hope ?

Her self, and kisses thou must understand
Are mine by promise, then take off thy hand.
Take off thy hand, for I my own shall be,
Unless thou wilt commit Adultery.
Some other Maiden chuse that yet is free,
For of her tenement I must Land-Lord be.
Thou may'st believe our covenants if not me,
To shew they're firm let her read them to thee,
Therefore thou hast no right I say to thee,
Unto her marriage bed, 'tis kept for me.
Though her father to thee did her assign,
Yet thy right cannot be so good as mine,
Her father did betroth her unto thee,
But she her self did give her self to me.
He promis'd before men she should be thine,
She promis'd before *Diana* she would be mine.
He breaks his word, she violates her oath,
And dost thou doubt which is the worst of both;
Lastly consider, what the event may be,
For he's in health, but sick in bed is she.
In our contentions too much odds there are,
Thy hope is not like mine, nor yet thy fear.
Thy love is not so dangerous, but I,
If I should suffer a repulse, must dye.
Perhaps that hereafter thou wilt approve her,
But it is I that now do clearly love her.
Therefore in justice, that same love of thine
Unto my love all title should resign.
Since for thy love he unjustly doth contend,
Cydonie why do I this Letter send?
Diana for his sake doth thee afflict,
Forbid him then thy house, if thou hast wit,
And for his sake this sickness lights on thee,
May he that causeth it, so punish'd be,

For if thou wilt his feigned love reject,
 And not love whom the Goddess doth respect,
 Thou shalt then presently regain thy health,
 When thou art well, I shall be well my self.
 Fear not sweet Maid, thou shalt have thy health now;
 If to the Goddess thou wilt keep thy vow.
 " The heavenly powers our sacrifices scorn,
 " Unless we faithfully our vows perform.
 Yet some do lancing suffer for healths sake,
 And some for health do bitter potions take.
 But if thou keep thy self from perjury,
 Thou shalt preserve thy health, thy faith and me.
 Thy former fault may yet a pardon find,
 Through ignorance, or forgetfulness of mind.
 Thy sickness, and my words admonish thee,
 " For know the Gods cannot deceived be.
 Yet shouldst thou scape this sickness, being a Maid,
 Being married, thou wilt need Diana's aid.
 Having heard thy promise she will ask thee
 If I the father of thy burthen be.
 If thou dost vow, yet she will not believe.
 If thou swear'st, yet she knows 'tis but to deceive.
 For thee, not for my self this care I take,
 And my mind is thus troubled for thy sake.
 Let not thy parents for thy sickness weep;
 Or why dost thou in ignorance them keep?
 Though to thy Mother thou dost all relate,
 Cydippe, thou needst not to blush thereat.
 Tell her how I did first behold thy eyes,
 While thou didst to Diana sacrifice,
 And at the first sight if thou marked'st me,
 I stood and gaz'd with fixed eyes on thee.
 And while I wondring stood my cloak off fell
 From my shoulder, which passion seem'd to tell;

And

and after that an Apple I did fit,
 Wherein most cunningly these words I writ.
 Which in Diana's presence read by thee,
 thou didst bind thy self then to marry me.
 That she the tenor of the words may know,
 as thou read'st them once, read them to her so ;
 Then she will say, forthwith, pray marry me
 whom the Goddess hath allotted thee.
 Since that Diana is pleas'd, chuse no other,
 for the Goddess will be to thee a Mother.
 And tell her if she ask thee, who I am,
 the Goddess choice can be to thee no shame.
 In Cœa where Corycian Nymphs have,
 In Parnassus hill an old famous Cave,
 was born, and (if birth be not contemn'd)
 from no base Parentage I did descend.
 I have wealth, and my life from spot is free,
 and there is none whom I love more than thee.
 Hadst thou not sworn, yet thou need'st must like
 such a husband, and I such a wife would seek.
 Diana in a dream bid me to write
 These lines, and waking love bid me indite.
 And as Lovers arrow now hath wounded me,
 Take heed Diana's arrow wound not thee.
 At once have pity on me and thy self,
 At once thou mayst restore us both to health,
 Which if thou grant, when the Trumpets proclaim
 Diana's solemn sacrifice again,
 I'll offer a Golden Apple, and on it
 These two verses shall be most fairly writ.
 Antonius this Apple offer'd to testifie,
 The Gods the words writ in't did ratifie.
 Lest a longer Letter try thine being weak,
 I have but one word more to write, or speak.

And

And in the usual way as all can tell
I will conclude my Letter here; Farcwel.



The Argument of the twentieth Epistle.

When Cydippe understood that offended Diana had inflicted this Fever on her, she condescended to Acontius's desire against her Parents will, rather than to endure the torment of her sickness. First she answers, that she durst not read his Epistle aloud,

she should be deceived with the fallacy of an oath, as she was in reading
the lines writ on the Apple. Then amplifying the deceit of that
apple, she inveighs against Acontius.

CYDIPPE to ACONTIUS.

In silence I thy Letter read, for fear
Lest unawares I by the Gods should swear.
think, again thou wouldest have cozened me,
but that I have promised my self to thee.
read it, least if I unkind should seem,
Diana should have more offended been.
Though to *Diana* I do incense offer,
let she defends that wrong which thou didst proffer.
And if I may give credit unto thee,
For thy sake she with sickness visits me.
into *Hippolitus* she was not kind,
for at her hand more favour thou dost find.
A Virgin of a Virgin should take care,
although I have not long to live I fear.
I am sick, yet the causes of my grief
physicians know not, nor can yield relief.
How sick am I, while I these lines do write,
scarce can sit within my Bed upright.
I fear lest any but my Nurse should find,
That we by Letters do exchange our mind.
To visitants, while she the door doth keep,
To give me time to write) she says I sleep.
When this colour the matter cannot hide,
lest by sleeping too long, truth be descry'd.
Some come, whom to deny 'tis unfitting,
she gives me then a feigned sign by spitting.
Then I break off, and lest it should be spi'd,
in my trembling bosom the Letter hide.

When

When they are gone, then I do write again.
Thus in the midst of pains I take great pain,
Which didst thou deserve, I could undertake,
Than thou deserv'st, I'll do more for thy sake.
For thy sake, I this sickness do sustain,
And for thy imposture thus punisht am.
And thus my beauty which did please thy sight,
Hath hurt my self by yielding thee delight.
If I had appear'd deformed unto thee,
No sickness had procur'd my misery.
Praise is my ruine, and while you both wooc me,
'Tis my own beauty that doth thus undo me.
And while both will not yield, both will be mine,
You hinder his desire, he hinders thine.
I am like a ship the wind drives amain
To Sea, but strong tides drive it back again.
My Marriage day which my Parents would see
Is at hand, but a Fever troubles me.
And while the thought of marriage doth me mock,
Death even at my door begins to knock:
Which though I am not guilty makes me fear,
Some of the Gods with me offended are.
Some think my sickness hath but casual been,
Or the Gods would not have me marry him.
And that thou mayst not think fame doth detect thee
For poysoning of my self they do suspect me.
The cause is hid, but yet my grief lies open,
You do contend, but I with grief am broken.
Tell me and do not unkindly reject me,
What is thy hate, if thy love doth afflict me;
If such thy love be, love thy enemy,
But I intreat thee that thou wouldest spare me.
What hope to obtain my love canst thou cherish,
When thou dost let me by a fever perish?

if to Diana thou dost pray in vain; or if to Jove in vain.
Why dost thou boast what thou canst not obtain? If old W
Either thou canst not Diana pacifie; or else he can not
If thou canst, but art unmindful of me:
I would that I had Delos never known, A' d' thon, b' wthn & W
At least at that time had not to it gone: i wuld be glad m't
My ship unhappily did sail that day, obg n' bid y'f h' boat
And through the blew seas cut her fatal way. o' b' wthn & W
Unluckily out of my house I did slip, b' wthn wthn & o' b' A
When I did go aboard my painted ship. I g'v' v'wsh, o' b' O
Twice the winds to our sails contrary were, wthn & n' wthn I
Yet now I think on't the wind did stand fair; b' wthn & P
It was a fair wind that did drive me back, T'pon t'p' wthn & W
That my unhappy journey I might slack. y'f wthn & I w'ld W
Would it had been contrary to my mind, wthn & q' p'p' W
But 'tis folly to complain 'gainst the wind. o' b' wthn & T
For famous Delos I desir'd to see, wthn to brown side & W
Me thought my Ship sail'd slowly under me, m' f'ld & d'f'ld & I
I chid the Oars because that they did fail, s'ye you wthn & A
And we thought they put out too little sail, o' b' wthn & T
Having pass'd Tenos and Andros, the white violy m' wthn & P
Cliffs of fair Delos came within my sight, a' b' wthn & w'v' wthn & T
And to the Isle I saidy, why dost me shun? m' shun, you hood I
Dost still flote in the Sea, 'las thou hast done! b' wthn & A
I landed when the Sun had run his course, m' g'ld & w'k' wthn & N
And began to unyoke his purple horse. t'p'c' t'p' wthn & T
Next day when in the East they harness'd were, t'p'c' t'p' wthn & T
My Mother bid me comb and dress my hair, b' wthn & W
She gave me Rings, my hair with gold she dress'd, a' b' wthn & A
And put on me apparel of the best. t'p'c' t'p' wthn & T
To the Gods of the Island we did dispense, t'p'c' t'p' wthn & P
Our gifts, and offered yellow Frankincense, b' wthn & W
And while my Mother bedewing with blood, w'rd b' wthn & W
The smoaking Altar, sacrificing stood;

My careful Nurse led me another way,
While she, and I through sacred places stray.
We walk about while we admired there
The gifts of Kings and Images there were,
We admir'd Apollo's Altar, and the tree
That help'd *Latona* in child-delivery,
And all that had in *Delos* famous been,
We saw, and more than yet had mention'd been,
And here *Acontius* thou dost cast a look
On me, conceiving I might be soon took,
I return'd to *Diana's* Temple that hath
Fair steps, and what place ought to be more safe?
Thou threw'st an Apple for me with this verse,
Which I was ready again to rehearse;
My Nurse took't up, and wondring, wished me
To read it, so I read thy treachery,
When to this word of marriage I came,
I felt that both my cheeks did blush for shame.
And when my eyes had serv'd thy turn to read
These lines, I looked down, and hung my head,
But yet what glory hast thou got thereby?
To deceive a Maid is no victory.
I stood not with my Ax and Bucket there,
As *Penthesilea* did at *Troy* appear.
No Gold belt from me thou didst beat away,
Like that was taken from *Hippolyta*:
Then why should'st thou rejoice to have betray'd
By thy deceitful words a harmless Maid?
An Apple deceiv'd *Alatanta* and *Cydippe*:
Thou shalt another *Hippomenes* be:
But if that wanton Boy did thee enflame,
Whose quiver (thou saist) doth Loves shafts contain;
Why didst thou not in honest sort come to me?
And not strive to deceive me, but to woe me?

Why

Why didst thou not by words thy worth express,
To gain my love, while thou didst love profest?
Why didst thou seek to compel, not perswade
My love, by promises on thy part made?
What doth my former oath now profit thee?
Though I call'd *Diana* it to testifie.

Is the mind that swears; but my tongue wens,
And swore this oath without my minds consent.
An oath should be took with a knowing mind,
Therefore a rash oath hath no power to bind.
Willingly I promis'd unto thee
To take me for thy husband, and to be thy wife,
If those words I unawares did speak,
Or stand'st on words that are but vain and weak,
Id not swear, therefore thou canst not be,
Reading those words a husband unto me.
Such false oaths to bind effectual were,
To grow rich in a short time thou need'st not fear.
All the Kings in the world may resign
Their right unto thee by reading of a line.
You art greater than *Diana* believe me,
In thy words so great a power there be.
Though my oath, and thy love here I slight,
And have strongly pleaded, my cause is right:
I confess I fear *Diana's* wrath,
So now I doubt thus me afflicted hath.
As often, as I do intend to marry,
To fall sick, and so am forc'd to tarry.
Once *Hymen* now unto my bed-side came,
And finding me sick, he went back again.
And with his tired hand he scarce could light
A torch, or make it to burn clear, and bright.
Sometimes with powders he perfumes his hair,
While he his yellow-saffron robe doth wear.

But

But when unto my chamber he doth come,
And beholds tears, and weeping, he is gone.
He plucks the Garland from his shining hair,
And tears the flowers that in it placed were.
Such mourning doth with him so ill agree,
That his blushing cheeks red as his robe be.
While a hot fever now tormenteth me,
So that I think the bed-cloths heavy be,
I see my Parents for me weep and rage,
Who am now nearer death than marriage.
O Diana ! that dost wear thy painted quiver,
Help me now by Apollo's skill thy brother,
Since he can cure the sick, then why should I
To thy disgrace, without thy help here die ?
When thou didst bark thy self I ne'er mistak'd,
Like rash Aeon who beheld thee naked,
On thy Altars I have often sacrific'd,
Thy Mother was not by my Mother despis'd.
This only was my fault, that I had read
A perjur'd verse, and was thereby deceiv'd.
Therefore Acontius for my sake now bring
To Diana's Altar thy own offering.
If that the Goddess be offended with me,
Then to be thine, why doth she hinder me ?
For if that she do take away my life,
Thou canst not hope that I should be thy wife.
He that should be my Husband doth not stand
By my Bed, and lift me up with his hand.
He sits indeed on my Bedside, but he
Attempts no action of immodesty.
And knows not what to think of me at all,
When without cause tears from my eyes do fall.
He seldom doth to me a kiss impart,
And with a fearful voice calls me Sweet-heart.

I wonder my disdain he hath not spi'd,
 For when he comes I turn on my left side.
 I will not speak, but sleep I counterfeit,
 And pull my hand back, when he would take it.
 Then does he fetch a deep sigh, because I
 Am offended with him, he knows not why.
 When as in truth, if I should speak my mind,
 Cause in my sufferings thou dost pleasure find
 Thou dost deserve our anger, who didst set
 Thy cunning toyls, to catch me in thy net.
 Why dost thou write thou wouldst fain visit me?
 Since in thy absence, thou hast wounded me?
 Why art thou called *Acontius*, I have found,
 Cause like an arrow thou far off dost wound,
 That wound is not yet healed, which no dart,
 But those words I read, gave unto my heart.
 Why shouldst thou come and here behold me lie
 The wretched *Trophy* of thy victory?
 For now my bloodless colour doth quite fail,
 And I am like thy Apple wan and pale.
 My white cheeks are not lightly stain'd with red,
 But spotted marble newly polished;
 Not like the colour of a silver Cup,
 When with cold water it is filled up.
 If thou sawest me, I should not seem the same,
 When by Art thou sought my love to gain.
 Promise thou wouldst willingly remit.
 Ask the Goddess to be freed from it.
 And thou wilt send me then another line,
 I may swear that I shall ne'er be thine,
 Prethee come, since thou desir'st the same,
 See if thou canst know me now again.
 Though (*Acontius*) thy breast like Iron be,
 I wouldst pray the Goddess to pardon me.

Yet I would have thee know, we askt *Apollo*,
 To regain health what course I ought to follow.
 And as fame doth report, he answered, I
 Was punish'd for my infidelity.
 And thus the Gods in Oracle answer'd me,
 Who to thy desires favourable be.
 Whence comes it, but because these cunning Letters
 In the Apple writ, make the Gods thy debtors?
 Since thou dost rule the Gods, thou must rule me,
 And therefore willingly I yield to thee.
 I told my Mother how I had betray'd
 My self to thee, at which she was dismay'd.
 You must contrive the rest; for I have done
 Already, I fear, more than doth become
 A Virgin, since in this Letter you see,
 I freely do unfold my mind to thee.
 Now my joints are weary of enditing,
 And my sick hand is tired with long writing.
 So hoping that we shall together meet,
 My Letter with a farewell doth thee greet.



The Argument of the one and twentieth Epistle.

Phaon being sometimes a Boatman, Venus came unto him, and desired to be carried over the water gratis, which he did, not knowing her to be a Goddess, whereupon she gave him a Box of Oyntment, therewith anointing himself, he became so beautiful, that all the men in the Isle Lesbos were in love with him, especially Sappho did impatiently affect him. But when Phaon went to Sicily, Sappho out of the heat of her love; and fear of his disdain, desperately

resolved to throw herself into the Sea, from Leucas a Promontory of Spire. But yet unconstant to her first resolve, she endeavours by this Epistle to recal him back, and gain his love, of which she formerly despaired, and to win him to dislike of his present estate and manner of life. Lastly, she useth all Arguments that might move him to pity. And in this Epistle Ovid hath most lively express the soft and amorous affection of love.

SAPPHO to PHAON.

Soon as thou dost behold my studious hand,
 Whence the Letter comes dost thou understand?
 Or unless in it thou Sappho's name read,
 Dost thou not know from whence it doth proceed?
 Thou may'st wonder why I in this verse write,
 Since I in Lyrick numbers do delight.
 The Weeping Elegy will fitting prove
 To suit unto our sad and mournful love.
 But in light Lyrick verses there appears
 No doleful harmony, that may suit tears.
 For as a field of corn on fire, whose flame
 The Eastern wind doth blow up, and maintain,
 Doth burn apace, being fanned by the wind,
 Even so the flame of love doth fire my mind.
 Though Phaon live near *Etna*, far from me,
 My flames of love hotter than *Etna* be.
 So that verses to my Harp I cannot set,
 "A quiet mind doth verses best beget.
 The Dryads do not help me at this time,
 Nor Lesbian, nor Pierian Muses nine.
 I hate Amythone, and Cydnus white,
 And Abris is not pleasant in my sight.
 And many others that were lov'd of me,
 But now I have plac'd all my love on thee.

Thy youthful years to pleasure do invite,
Thy tempting beauty hath betray'd my sight,
Take a quiver, and thou wilt *Apollo* be ;
Take horns, and *Bacchus* will be like to thee,
Phœbus lov'd *Daphne*, *Bacchus* *Ariadne*,
Yet in the *Lyrick* verse no knowledge had she.
But the Muses dictate unto me smooth Rhymes,
So that the world knows my name and lines.
Nor hath *Alceus* for the harp more praise,
Though he by higher subjects gets his Bays.
" If nature beauty unto me deny,
" My wit the want of beauty doth supply,
Though low of stat re, yet my fame is tall,
And high, for through the world 'tis known to all,
Though for my beauty I have no renown,
Perseus lov'd *Cepheia*, that was brown.
White Doves do often pair with spotted Doves,
And the Green Parrot the black Turtle loves.
If thou wilt have a Love as fair as thee
Thou must have none, for none so fair can be,
Yet once my face did fair to thee appear,
And that my speech became me, thou didst swear,
And thou wouldst kiss me, while that I did sing,
(For Lovers do remember every thing)
My kisses, and each part thou didst approve,
But specially when I did write of love ;
Then I did please thee with my wanton strain,
With witty words, and with my amorous vein,
But now the maids of *Sicily* do please thee,
Would I might *Lesbos* change for *Sicily*.
But take heed *Megarenian* how you do
Receive this wanderer left you do it true.
Lest by his flattering tongue you be betray'd,
What he says to you, lie hath to me said,

O *Venus* help me now in my distreſſ,
 Fair Goddess, favor now thy Poetſſ,
 Will fortune always be to me unkind?
 And will ſhe never change her froward mind?
 For I knew sorrow ſoon, even when that I
 Was fix years old, my father firſt did die.
 The love of a whore my brother o'er-came,
 On whom he spent his wealth, and lost his fame.
 Being grown poor, then unto Sea he went,
 To get by Piracy what he had spent.
 And because I did blame his courses, he
 My honest counſel ſcorn'd, and hated me.
 And as if these griefs were too light for me.
 You know that I have faulty been with thee.
 And of thee at laſt I muſt make complaint,
 Because that I thy company do want.
 In thy absence I do not dress my hair,
 Nor on my fingers any rings do wear.
 A poor and homely weed I do assume,
 Arabian myrrh doth not my hair Perfume;
 Though I did dress my ſelf for to please thee,
 Yet in thy absence why ſhould I dress me?
 Nature hath given me a heart ſo soft,
 That love doth with his arrow wound it oft.
 For I am ſtill in love; and I do ſee,
 That I muſt always thus in love still be,
 For fatal ſisters at my birth decreed
 To spin my life forth with an amorous thred.
 Or else my ſtudies are the cauſe of it,
 Thalia hath given me a wanton wit,
 Nor can it in love ſeem ſo ſtrange a caſe,
 That I ſhould love thy young effeminate face.
 Lest Aurora ſhould love thee I was afraid,
 And ſo ſhe had, but Cephalus her ſtaid.

If *Phœbe* should behold thee, she e'er long
Would love thee more than her *Endymion*,
And beauteous *Venus* long ago had carried
Thee into Heaven in her Ivory Chariot;
But that the Goddess wisely did foresee,
That *Mars* himself would fall in love with thee.
Such was thy beauty, and thy comely grace,
For in thy youth thou hadst a Virgins face.
Return to me, thou sweetest flower of beauty,
For to love thee, I know it is my duty.
I do not here intreat thee to love me,
But that thou wouldest permit me to love thee.
And while I write, I weep even for thy sake,
And all those blots thou see'st, my tears did make.
Though thou resolv'st to go, yet modesty
Might have enforced thee, to take leave of me;
At thy departure thou didst not kiss me,
I fear'd that I should forsaken be.
I had no pledges of thy love, for I
Have nothing of thine but thy injury.
This only charge I would have given to thee,
That thou wouldest not be unmindful of me.
I swear unto thee by this love of mine,
And by my Goddesses the Muses nine,
When they did tell me that thou hadst took ship,
A long time I could neither speak, nor weep.
My heart grew cold, my silent grief was dumb,
Wanting both tears to vent it self, and tongue.
But when my sorrows I more lively felt,
I tore my hair, my tears began to melt,
So that to weep I presently began,
Like Mothers at the burial of a son.
My Brother laugh'd, and while that he did walk
And strut by me, he thus began to talk;

Alas ; why does my loving sister grieve ?
 Thou hast no cause, thy Daughter is alive,
 Thus love and shame together ill agree,
 For I had put off now all modesty.
 And in such manner I abroad did rove,
 That the people thereby discerned my love.
 O Phaon, I do dream of thee always,
 Dreams make the night more pleasant than the days.
 Dreams make thee present though thou absent art,
 But they weak shadows of true joys impart.
 Sometimes I think that thou embracest me,
 And sometimes I think that I embrace thee.
 That thou dost kiss me then I do believe,
 With such kisses as thou dost use to give.
 And sometimes in my dream to thee I speak,
 As if my tongue and senses were awake.
 I cannot tell the rest with modesty,
 For methinks I enjoy thy company.
 But when the Sun doth rise and break the day,
 I am sad, because my dreams pass away.
 I'm angry that my fancy is no stronger,
 And that my pleasant dream should last no longer.
 Then to the woods and caves I straightway hie,
 Wherein I enjoy'd thy sweet company.
 As if the woods and caves would comfort me,
 Since they witnesses of our pleasure be.
 Like one were mad, or enchanted I lie,
 While my hair loose doth o'er my shoulders lie,
 Methinks the Mossie caves do seem as fair,
 As those which built of costly Marble are.
 I love the Wood, under whose leavie shade,
 We oftentimes have both together laid.
 But the wood seems unpleasant unto me,
 As if it mourned for thy company.

And

And I have often gone unto that place,
Where we have lain together in the grafs ;
And laid me down again, and with the showers
Of tears have watered the smiling flowers.
The leaveless trees to mourn do now begin,
And all the sweet birds have left off to sing.
Only the Nightingale with mournful song
In saddest notes bewails her former wrong,
The laments those sad wrongs she did sustain ;
Worthy forsaking me I do complain.
She sung not, nor I complain'd of thee,
The wood more silent than the night would be.
There is a fountain that's as clear as glafs,
So that some thought a Deity in it was ?
Ver which a great tree doth extend his boughs,
And soft green grass even round about it grows.
Being weary, by chance I lay down here ;
And a Naiad which did to me appear.
Standing before me thus to speak began,
Because thou lov'st, and art not lov'd again,
To Leucas go, if that thou wilt have ease,
Promontory that o'er-looks the Seas,
Hence Deucalion for fair Pyrrha's love
Did throw himself down, and as it did prove,
He had no hurt, but being drenched in
These Seas, his love to cool did straight begin,
The virtue in this placee remains, make hast,
And from this rock thy self down quickly cast.
Thus having said, she vanish't, and my fears
Areas'd, my eyes did over-flow with tears
Fair Nymph I promise thee that I will go
Strag'd with love unto that rock you show :
Perhaps the light Air in her arms will bear me.
Can't be worse, then why should danger fear me ?

O love ! with thy wings let me be sustain'd,
 Left for my death Lencadian seas be blam'd.
 Then unto *Phœbus* I'll my Harp resign,
 And underneath it write this double line ;
Sappho, O *Phœbus* offers unto thee
 Her Harp, which thou lov'st, and was lov'd by me.
 If *Phaon* to return to me would please,
 What need I go to the *African Seas*?
 Thou canst do me more, good thee I will follow,
 Thy beauty is such, thou art my *Apollo*.
 Or canst thou harder than a hard Rock be,
 And to die in my misery suffer me ?
 It were far better sure that I should join
 In close embraces my fair breasts with thine ;
 That breast, O *Phaon*, which thou didst oft praise,
 And which did seem so witty many ways,
 Now I would fain be eloquent, but while
 I strive to write in a more elegant Stile,
 My art doth fail, for grief my wit hath spent ;
 So that my letter is not eloquent.
 My former vein of writing verse is done,
 My jocund Harp is now grown mute and dumb.
 Ye *Lesbian Nymphs* that marriage do desire,
 Ye Nymphs so called from the *Lesbian Lyre*,
 Ye *Lesbian Nymphs* whose love advanc'd by fame,
 Come not to hear my Harp, or *Lyrick Strain*,
 For that sweet vein I had in former time,
 My *Phaon* took away who is not mine.
 If you send him back, I should regain it,
 He is my *Genius* that doth give me wit,
 But why with prayers seek I to perswade ?
 Can his hard heart with prayers be soft made ?
 No it doth grow more stiff, and I do find
 That all my words are but like empty wind.

I do wish the winds would bring thee back.
Why to return again, art thou so slack?
I have long lookt for thee, then come away,
Why dost thou thus torment me with delay?
Eigh but thy Anchor, *Venus* will befriend thee
With a good voyage, and a fair wind lend thee.
Did to steer thy ship too will not fail,
And he will put out, and take in each sail.
If thou forsake *Lesbian Sappho*, I
Have not deserv'd of thee such cruelty.
By this Letter I would have thee know.
That I my self into the Sea will throw.

Three

Three responsive Epistles of the Poet *Aulus Sabinus*
in answer to three of OVID's Epistles.



The Argument of Sabinus first Epistle.

Ulysses having red Penelope's Epistle, answereth to all objections,
and relates his many troubles which he had valiantly endured.
Tyresias and Pallas having instructed him in future events, he pro-
phecyeth

Phesieth unto her that he will come home to Ithaca in the habit of
beggar. He comes home so disguised, that Penelope's woers suppose
him a beggar, offer him many affronts. But his Son Telemachus and
two servants helping him, he fell upon them, and slew them all. At
last his Son Telegonias, whom he had by Circe, slew him with a
poysoned Arrow.

ULYSSES to PENELOPE

UNfortunate *Ulysses* hath from thee,
Receiv'd thy Letter dear *Penelope* ;
The sight of thy hand and seal, were to me
A kind of comfort in my misery.
Thou dost accuse me, that I am too slack
In returning and coming to thee back.
I had rather thou should'st esteem me slow,
Than that I should let thee my troubles know.
Greece knew my love unto thee, when I had
For thy love counterfeited my self mad.
For such was then the force of my affection.
That I did counterfeit and feign distraction.
Thou wouldest not have me write, but come away ;
I make hast, but cross winds make me stay.
Troy with the *Grecian Maids* hate, is defac'd,
I am not there, for *Troy* is burnt and raz'd.
Deiphobus, *Asimus*, *Hector*, all slain are,
And all the rest of whom thou standst in fear.
I scapt the *Tracian bands* when I had slain
Rhesus, and to my Tents return'd again.
And besides out of *Phallas Temple* I
Did take the fatal palm of victory.
I was in the *Horse* when *Cassandra* cry'd,
Trojans burn the *Horse*, yet not terrif'd.

burnt it ; for in this Wooden Horse, quoth she,
the cunning Grecians here inclosed be.
Therefore if you do not this horse destroy,
shall be the destruction of Troy.

Achilles rites of sepulture did lack,

I brought him to *Thetis* on my back.
The Grecians did my labour so regard,

had Achilles armour for reward.

I have lost all, for the sea hath swallow'd
my ships, and all the company me follow'd.

Only that constant love I owe to thee,
continues with me in adversity.

Ulla and *Charybdis* could not cast away
my love to thee, which still doth with me stay.

The sight of *Antiphates* my love endur'd,
and though the cunning Syrens me allur'd.

Nor *Circe*, nor *Calypso* could not charm me,
my love against their Sorceries did arm me.

With promis'd that they could immortal make
me, that I should nor fear the Stygian Lake.

For thy sake I their offer did withstand,
and have suffer'd so much by Sea and Land.

Perchance when thou these womens names dost find
in my Letter it will trouble thy mind.

And of *Circe* and *Calypso* to hear,
perchance thou wilt be struck into a fear.

When I in thy Letter *Anconius* read,
Hibns and *Medon*, they my fear bred.

Since thou so many youthful Suiters haft,
how could I think that thou remainest chaste?

Would they delight in thy tear blubber'd face;
Do not thy tears thy beauty yet debase?

And it seems thou hast given consent to marry,
thy unthriving web doth make them tarry.

For that which thou hast in the day time spun,
Thou unweav'st at night, so 'tis never done.
Thy art is good, which doth successful prove,
To delude their purpose, delay their love.

O *Polyphemus*, I do wish that I
Had dy'd in my Cave free from misery.
Would I had been by the *Thracians* slain,
When my ships unto *Ismarus* first came.
Would cruel *Plato* then had satisfied
His wrath on thee, I would that I had dy'd,
When I descended to the Stygian Lake,
From whence in safety I returned back.

For though in thy Letters no dread appear,
I saw my Mothers thin Ghost walking there.

She told me how at home all matters be,
And to shun my embraces thrice fled me,
I saw *Protesilaus*, who fate-contemning,
With his death gave the *Trojan* wars beginning,
And his wife *Laodamia*, who did dye
That she might bear her husband company.
I saw *Agamemnon* whose wounds bleeding were;
So that the fight made me let fall a tear.

He had no hurt at *Troy*, and also past
The *Eubean* Promontory, yet at last
Having a thousand wounds given him, he dies
Even then when he to *Jove* did sacrifice.

Thus *Helena* the *Grecians* ruin bred,
While she to *Troy* a stranger followed.

Besides, what profit was it unto me,
Cassandra were Captives and *Andromache*?
I could have chosen *Hecuba* for my wife,
Think not that with a whore I spend my life.
For I brought *Hecuba* aboard my ship,
But she out of her former shape did slip.

For into a Bitch she was straight transform'd,
And her complaints were into barking turn'd.
Thetis grew angry at these Prodigies,
And enrag'd *Aeolus* made a storm to rise:
So that with wind and waves our ships did strive,
Which tempest round about the world did drive.
But if *Tresias* truly foretold me
A prosperous fate after adversity
Having endur'd so much by land and sea,
I hope my fortunes will more kinder be.
Now *Pallas* doth protect us from all dangers,
And guide us in our journey amongst strangers,
Since *Troy's* destruction I have *Pallas* seen
Of late, so that her danger spent doth seem,
And whatsoever *Ajax* did commit,
The *Grecians* now are puished for it.
Nor was *Tyrides* too excus'd from danger,
For he like us about the world doth wander.
Nor *Tencer* that from *Telamon* first sprung,
Nor he that with a thousand ships did come.
Menelaus was happy, for having got
His wife, he need fear no unhappy lot,
Though the winds or seas did your journey stay,
Your love was not hindred by that delay.
The winds nor waves, did not hinder your bliss,
But when you list you could embrace and kiss.
And had I so enjoy'd thy company,
No evil chance could then betide to me.
But since *Telemachus* is well I hear,
My present troubles I more lightly bear,
I blame thy love in sending him to Sea,
Through *Sparte* and in *Pylon* to seek me.
I needs must blame thy love in doing it,
While to the Sea thou didst my Son commit.

But fortune may at last yet prove my friend.
 And all my troubles may have a fair end.
 A Prophet told me, dear wife, we should meet,
 And with embraces should each other greet.
 But I will come disguis'd, so to be known
 Unto no other but thy self alone.
 In a beggars habit I'll disguised be,
 Conceal thy joy, and knowledge then of me.
 I'll shew no outward violence when I come,
 For so Apollo's Priest unto me sung.
 But I'll revenge my self even at that time
 When the woors are banqueting with wine,
 While beggars rayment doth *Ulysses* cover;
 And then at last my self I will discover,
 While at *Ulysses* they shall all admire,
 That this day would come soon I do desire.
 That we may both, dear wife, renew our love,
 And I to thee may a kind husband prove.



The



The Argument of Sabina's second Epistle.

Demophoon in this Epistle endeavors by divers Arguments to excuse his unfaithful neglect of returning to Phyllis according to his promise: Alledging that his friends were offended with him for staying so long with her in Thrace, and also the importune unseasonableness of the weather for sailing, promising howsoever at length to return to Phyllis. He performed his promise, but Phyllis impatient of delay,

had strangled herself before he came, and by the mercy of the Gods was changed into a leafless Almond-tree, which Demophoon embracing, it put forth leaves as if it had been sensible of his return. Which is feign'd, because Phyllis signifies in Greek an Almond-tree, so expressing the name of Phyllis, because when Zephyrus or the West wind bloweth from Africa into Thrace, this Tree flourisheth, for Zephyrus signifies as much as Ζενόποτος, that is, The Life cherisher. Which gave occasion to this fiction, that Phyllis transformed into a Tree, seemed to rejoice and flourish, at the return of her Lover.

DEMOPHOON to PHYLLIS.

FROM his own Country to Phyllis his friend,
Demophoon doth this his Letter send.
Even thy Demophoon that doth still love thee.
My fortune's chang'd, but not my constancy.
Theseus whose name thou hast no cause to fear,
Thy flame of love for his sake worthy were,
Mnestheus did drive out of his royal state,
And the old Traytor is now dead of late.
He that the *Amazons* had overcome,
And unto *Hercules* was companion.
He that did *Minos* son-in-law become,
When he the *Minotaur* had overthrown.
He did excuse me because I did stay,
Trifling so long with thee in *Thracia*:
For while the love of Phyllis did detain thee,
And that a foreign beauty did enflame thee,
Time with a nimble pace did slip away;
And sad accidents hapned by thy delay,
Which had been all prevented, hadst thou come,
Or hadst thou made them void, when they were done.
When thou didst Phyllis Kingdom love, for she
Than a whole Kingdom was dearer to thee.

From

From *Athamas* I this same chiding have,
 And old *Aethra* who's half within her grave.
 Since *Theseus* is not there to close their eyes,
 The fault on me for staying with thee lies.
 I confess they both to me often cry'd,
 When my Ship did in *Thracian* waters ride,
 The winds stand fair *Demophoon*, why dost stay?
 Go home *Demophoon* without delay.
 From thy beloved *Phyllis* example take,
 She loves thee, yet her home she'll not forsake.
 She desires not to bear thee company,
 But to return again entreareth thee.
 I with a silent patience heard them chide,
 But their desire I in my thoughts deny'd.
 I thought I could not embrace thee enough,
 And I was glad to see the Sea grow rough.
 Before my Father I will this confess,
 "He that loves worthily may it profess.
 For since such store of worth remains in thee,
 If I do love thee it no shame can be.
 And I do know that *Phyllis* cannot say,
 I prov'd unkind when I did sail away.
 For when the day came that I must take ship,
 I wept, and comforted thee who didst weep,
 Thou didst grant me a ship of *Thracia*,
 While *Phyllis* love made me the time delay.
 Besides my Father *Theseus* doth retain
 Ariadne's love and cherishes that flame;
 When he looks towards Heaven many times,
 See how my love (saith he) in Heaven shines.
 Though *Bacchus* to forsake her did command him,
 The world for forsaking her, hath blam'd him.
 So am I perjur'd thought for my delay,
 Though *Phyllis* knows not the cause of my stay.

This may assure thee I will come again,
Because my breast doth burn with no new flame,
Phyllis, hath not report to thee made known,
What dismal troubles are sprung up at home ;
Since for my fathers death I a mourner am
Whose death includes more grief than I can name ?
My brother *Hippolytus* deserves a tear,
Whom his own horses did in pieces rear ;
These fatal causes might excuse my stay,
Yet after a while I will come away,
I will but lay my Father in the grave,
For 'tis fit he should worthy burial have.
Grant me but time and I will constant be,
Thy Country yields most safety unto me.
To those that since the fall of *Troy* did wander
By land and sea, and past through much danger,
Thrace hath been kind, and I unto this Land
By tempest drove, was kindly entertain'd.
If that thy love to me remain the same
Who in my Royal Palace now do reign ;
And art not angry with my Parents fate,
Or with *Demophoon* most unfortunate.
Suppose that unto me thou hadst been married,
When at the siege of *Troy* ten years I tarried.
Penelope through all the world is fam'd
Because that she her chastity maintain'd.
For she with witty Art, did always weave
An unthriving web, suitors to deceive.
For she by night did it in pieces pull,
Resolving the untwisted threds to wool.
Dost fear the *Thraciens* will not marry thee,
Or wilt thou marry any one but me ?
Hast thou a heart with any one to joyn
Thy hand, unless thy hand do joyn with mine ?

How

How wilt thou blush then, and how wilt thou grieve,
When a far off thou shalt my sails perceive ?
Thou wilt condemn thy self, and say alas ;
I see *Demophoon* most faithful was.

Demophoon is return'd, and for my sake,
A dangerous voyage he by sea did make.
I that for breach of faith him rashly blamed,
Have broke my faith, while I of him complained.
But *Phyllis* I had rather thou shouldst marry,
Than that thou shouldst some other way miscarry.
Why dost thou threaten thou wilt make away
Thy self ? the Gods may hear when thou dost pray.
Though thou dost blame me for inconstancy,
Add not affliction to my misery.

Though *Theseus Ariadne* did forsake,
Where the wild beasts a prey of her did make ;
Yet my desert hath not been such, that I
Should be accused of inconstancy.

This Letter may the winds without all fail
Bring safe to thee, which us'd to drive my sail.
Perswade thy self, I fain would come away,
But that I have just cause a while to stay.

dulcis
dulcis

The Argument of Sabina's third Epistle.

THIS responsive Epistle written by Paris is not difficult, for the Argument is taken out of Oenone's Epistle. Paris having violat'd the rites of marriage, by repudiating his wife, and marrying Helena, first confesses to Oenone the injury he had done her: Afterward excusing himself, he transferreth the blame on Cupid, whose power Lovers cannot resist, and on the fates who had destinated Helena to him unknown.

Bar

But 'tis reported that Oenone did love Paris so dearly, that he being brought to her wounded by Phyloctetes with one of Hercules arrows, she embraced his body, and embalming it with tears, dyed over him, and so they were both buried in Cebria a Trojan City.

PARIS to OENONE.

Nymph, I confess that I fit words do want;
To write an answer to thy just complaint,
I seek for words, but yet I cannot find
Words, that may aptly suit unto my mind.
I confess against thee I have offended,
Yet Helen's love makes me I cannot mend it.
I'll condemn my self, but what doth it avail;
The power of love makes a bad cause prevail.
For though thou shouldst condemn me, and my cause,
Yet Cupid means to try me by his laws.
And if by his laws we will judged be.
It seems another hath more right to me.
Thou wert my first love I confess in truth,
And I marry'd thee in my flower of youth.
Of my Father Priam I was not proud,
As thou dost write, but unto thee I bow'd.
I did not think Hector should prove my brother,
When thou and I did keep our flocks together.
I knew not my Mother, Queen Hecuba,
Whose Daughter thou most worthy art to be.
But love I see, is not guided by reason,
Consider with thy self at this same season;
For thou complain'st that I have wronged thee,
And yet thou writest that thou lovest me.
And though the Satyrs and the Fawns do move thee,
Yet thou remainest constant still unto me.

Besides

Besides, this love is fatal unto me,
 My Sister *Cassandra* did it foresee ;
 Before that I had heard of *Helen's* name,
 Whose beauty through all *Greece* was known by fame.
 I have told all unless it be that wound
 Of love, which I have by thy beauty found,
 Nay those wounds I will open, and from you
 To gain some help, I will both beg and sue.
 My life and death are both within thy hand,
 You have conquer'd me, I'm at your command.
 Yet I remember that when you heard me
 Relate to you her dismal prophecy ;
 While I did tell thee, thou didst weep upon me,
 Wishing the Gods would turn that sad fate from me ;
 That thou might'st have no cause to accuse,
 When that *Oenone* doth her *Paris* lose.
 Love blinded me, that I could not believe thee,
 And loving thee doth make me now deceive thee.
 Love powerful is, and when he list can turn
Jove to a Bull, or to a Bird transform.
 Such beauty all the world should not contain
 As *Helen*, who is born to be my flame :
 Since *Jupiter* to disguise his loose scape
 Did transform himself into a Swans shape ;
 And *Jove* also descended from his Tower,
 To court fair *Danae* in a Golden shower.
 Sometimes himself he to an Eagle turn'd,
 And sometimes to a white Bull hath transform'd.
 And who would think that *Hercules* would spin,
 Yet love of *Dejanira* compell'd him.
 And he wore her light Petticoat 'tis said,
 While his Love with his Lyons skins was clad.
 So I remember love compelled thee,
 (The more's my fault) that thou preferrest me

Before

before Apollo's love, and from him fled,
because thou would'st possess my marriage bed,
let I excell'd not *Phæbus*, but the dart
of Love did so inforce thy gentle heart.
let this may unto me some comfort prove,
that she is no base Harlot whom I love.
or she whom I before thee do prefer,
y birth is descended from *Jupiter*.
let her birth doth not inamour'd make me,
ut 'tis her matchless beauty that doth take me.
My *Oenone*, I do wish it still,
had not been on the *Idæan* Hill
judge of beauty, *Pall* as now doth grudge,
and *Juno*, because against them I did Judge,
and because I did lovely *Venus* praise,
and for her beauty gave to her the Bayes ;
she that can raise loves flame up in another,
she that rules *Cupid*, and is his own Mother ;
Yet she could not avoid her own Sons shaft
And Bow, wherewith he wounded others oft.
For *Vulcan* took fair *Venus* close in Bed
With *Mars*, which by the Gods was witnessed,
and *Mars* again she afterward forsook,
and for her Paramour *Anchises* took :
For with *Anchises* she in love would be,
and did revenge his sloth in Venery.
Venus thus did in affection rove,
Why may not she make *Paris* change his love ?
Menelaus with her fair face was took,
I lov'd her, before on her I did look :
Though wars ensue if I do her enjoy,
And a thousand ships fetch her back from *Troy* ;
I do not fear, the war is just and right,
If all the world should for her beauty fight,

Although

Although the armed *Grecians* ready be
To fetch her back, I'll keep her here with me.
If thou hast any hope to change my mind,
To use thy charms, why art thou not inclin'd?
Since in *Apollo's* Arts thou art well seen,
And to *Hecate's* skill hast used been.
Thou canst cloud the day, and stars shining clear,
And make the moon forsake her silver sphere;
And by thy charms while I did Oxen keep,
Fierce Lyons gently walkt among the sheep.
Thou didst make *Xanthus*, and *Simoes* flow
Unto their springs, and back again to go.
And charm'dst other Rivers, when thou didst see,
They thirsted after thy Virginity.
Oenone, let thy charms effectual prove,
To change my affection, or quench thy love.

F I N I S.

Several Books Printed for William Whitwood
next door to the Crown-Tavern in Duck-
Lane, near West-Smith Field.

1. Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Philosophy, Moral and Natural, together with the use that there is to be made thereof. Treating of the *Egyptians*, *Arabians*, *Grecians*, *Romans*, &c. *Philosophers*, as *Thales*, *Zeno*, *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Pythagoras*, *Aristotle*, *Epicurus*, &c. Also the *English*, *German*, *French*, *Spanish*, &c. As *Bacon*, *Boyle*, *Des Cartes*, *Hobbes*, *Van-Helmont*, *Gassendus*, *Gallileus*, *Harvey*, *Paracelsus*, *Mercennius*, *Digby*. Translated from the *French* by *A. L.*

2. A Collection of Apothegms, or Sayings of the Ancients, Collected out of *Plutarch*, *Diogenes Laertius*, *Elian*, *Athenaeus*, *Istobenus*, *Macrobius*, *Erasmus* and others. Wherein the Manners and Customs of the *Greeks*, *Romans*, and *Lacedemonians*, are Represented. To which are Added several pleasant Apothegms, from Modern Authors.

3. A Rich Cabinet of Inventions, being Receipts and Contents of several Natures, containing more than 130. Natural and Artificial Conclusions all Profitable and Pleasant. Collected out of *Alexis*, *Mizaldus*, *Wecker*, and the Practice of *John White*, Practitioner in the Mathematicks.

4. The Illustrious Lovers, or Princely Adventures in the Courts of *England* and *France*. Containing Sundry Transactions relating to Love-Intrigues, Noble Enterprises, and Gallantries, being an Historical Account of the Famous Loves of *Mary* sometimes Queen of *France* (Daughter to *Henry the 7th.*) and *Charles Brandon* the Renown'd Duke of *Suffolk*: Discovering the Glory and Grandeur of both Nations. Written Originally in *French*, and now done into *English*.

5. The

5. The Lives and Actions of several Notorious Counterfeits
Who from the most Abject, and Meanest of the People, have
Usurped the Titles of Emperors, Kings, and Princes. Contain-
ing the History of Twelve Infamous Impostors. *Viz.*
1. The false *Smerdis*, only Brother of *Cambyses*, King of *Per-
sia*, and of the *Medes*. 2. The false *Nero*. 3. The false *Messi-
as*, called *Benchochab*, Leader of the Revolted *Jews*. 4. The
Counterfeit *Moses*. 5. *John Bulcold*, King of the *Anabaptists*.
6. The false *Clotaire*, called *Gondoald*. 7. The Counterfeit
Baldwin, Earl of *Flanders*. 8. The Counterfeit *Don Sebastian*,
King of *Portugal*. 9. The Counterfeit *Voldomar*, Elector,
and Marques of *Brandenburg*. 10. The false *Mustapha*, Son
of *Bajazet*, (the first of that Name) Emperor of the *Turks*.
11. *James Heraclides*, the false Despot of *Moldavia*, and *Wala-
chia*. 12. *Perkin Warbeck*, or the Counterfeit Duke of *Tork*.
Written by the Sr. *J. B. de Rocoles*, Historiographer of *France*
and *Brandenburg*. And now done into *English*.

6. An Exact Survey of the Grand Affairs of *France*, in their
particular Conduct and Management since the Conclusion of
the Peace at *Nimeguen*. As they Relate to that and other King-
doms, but more especially *Spain*, *Savoy*, and the *Hungarian*
Wars, with the *Turks* and *Rebels*; under the Leading of Count
Teckley, in Negotiations and other Affairs of State. Written
lately in *French*, by a Person of Quality made *English*.

7. The Spanish History: or, a Relation of the Differences
that happened in the Court of *Spain*, between *Don John of
Austria*, and *Cardinal Nitard*; With other transactions of that
Kingdom. Together with all the Letters, Politick Discourses,
Decrees, and other Publick Acts that pass between Persons of
the Highest Quality, relating to those Affairs.

8. The Fortunate, the Deceiv'd, and the Unfortunate Lo-
vers. Three Excellent new Novels, Containing many Pleasant
and Delightful Histories. Printed in *English* and *French*, for
the Ingenious. Written by the Wits of both Nations.

9. Notes and Observations on the Empress of Morocco. Reduced, with some few Errata's to be Printed instead of the Postscript, with the next Edition of the Conquest of Granada.
by E. Settle.

10. A Treatise of Lythotomy, or of the Extraction of the Stone, out of the Bladder. Wherein an Account is given of various Instruments used, and the Method Observed in that difficult and Dangerous part of Chyurgery, Written in French, by Mr. Toler Lythotomist in the Hospital of the Charitable at Paris. Translated into English, by A. Lovel.

11. *Cosmologia Curiosa*, or the Curiosities of Scurvy-Grafs, being an Exact Scrutiny and careful Description of the Nature and Medicinal Virtue of Scurvy-Grafs, in which is Exhibited publick use the most and best preparation of Medicines, either for Internal or External use, in which that Plant, or any part thereof is employed. Together with an Account of the several sorts thereof; Curiously Engraved in several Copper Plates. Written in Latine by Dr. Melanbrochius of Ipswich and Englished by Tho. Sherley, M. D.

12. The Experienc'd Jockey, or Compleat Horseman. Containing plain and easie Directions in Breeding, Feeding, Keeping, and Managing Horses for all occasions, as War, Racing, Hunting, Travelling, &c. Directions to the buyer to prevent Cheats: Rules whereby to know the state of horses and geldings. Together with Approved Remedies for all internal and External Distempers and Grievances Jurident of them; also the Nature of Simpler, manner of making Saves, Polishes, Drenches, Cordials; and what ever is requisite in Physical and Chyurgical Operation. Likewise the Art of Shoeing, Blood-Letting and Rowelling, and Artifices Cheats and Directs of the Jockey.

13. The History of the Siege of Rhodes the first in the Reign of Mahomet the Great, Emperor of the Turks, and the Last under the Command of Solyman the Magnificent, who at the
Ex-

Egypt 100000
Expence of a 100000 Lives totally subdued, that Famous City and Island defended by the Valour of Peter de Aubusson Grand Master of Rhodes, and the Christian Knights of the Order of St. John, against the whole power of the Ottoman Empire for 230 years.

14. The Art of Short Writing, according to *Tachygraphy*, first Composed by Mr. Thomas Shelton, and Approved by both Universities, in which variety of Examples, to each Rule are drawn also Mr. Jer. Rich his method of Contractions by Idea's and Symbolical Characters ; Improved to the Rules and Methods of this, with great ease and no less Benefit and Delight, and Divers Eminent Histories out of the Old and New Testament, are repeated in words at length, and also in Characters : and lastly how to express the Terms of the Law in Characters.

15. The Honorable History of the Merchant Taylors. Wherein is set forth, the Noble Acts, Valiant Deeds, and Heroic Performances of Merchant Taylors in former Ages, as their Lives, Knightly Adventures, their Combatings with Foreign Enemies, and Glorious Successes in Honor of the English Nation. Together with their Pious Acts, and large Benevolences; their Building of Publick Structures ; Especially that of Black-well-hall, to be a Market place for selling of Woollen Cloth, and several other publick Structures, as Halls, Grammar-Schools, Alms-Houses : With an Account of their worthy Acts from the time of Ed. 1st. King of England, by Will. Winstanly. Gent.

16. The History of the Damnable Life and Deserved Death of Dr. John Faustus, the Famous Conjurer of Germany, Newly Printed according to the Corrected Copy, from Frankfort in Germany.

